SCOOBY APOCALYPSE™

VOLUME 6

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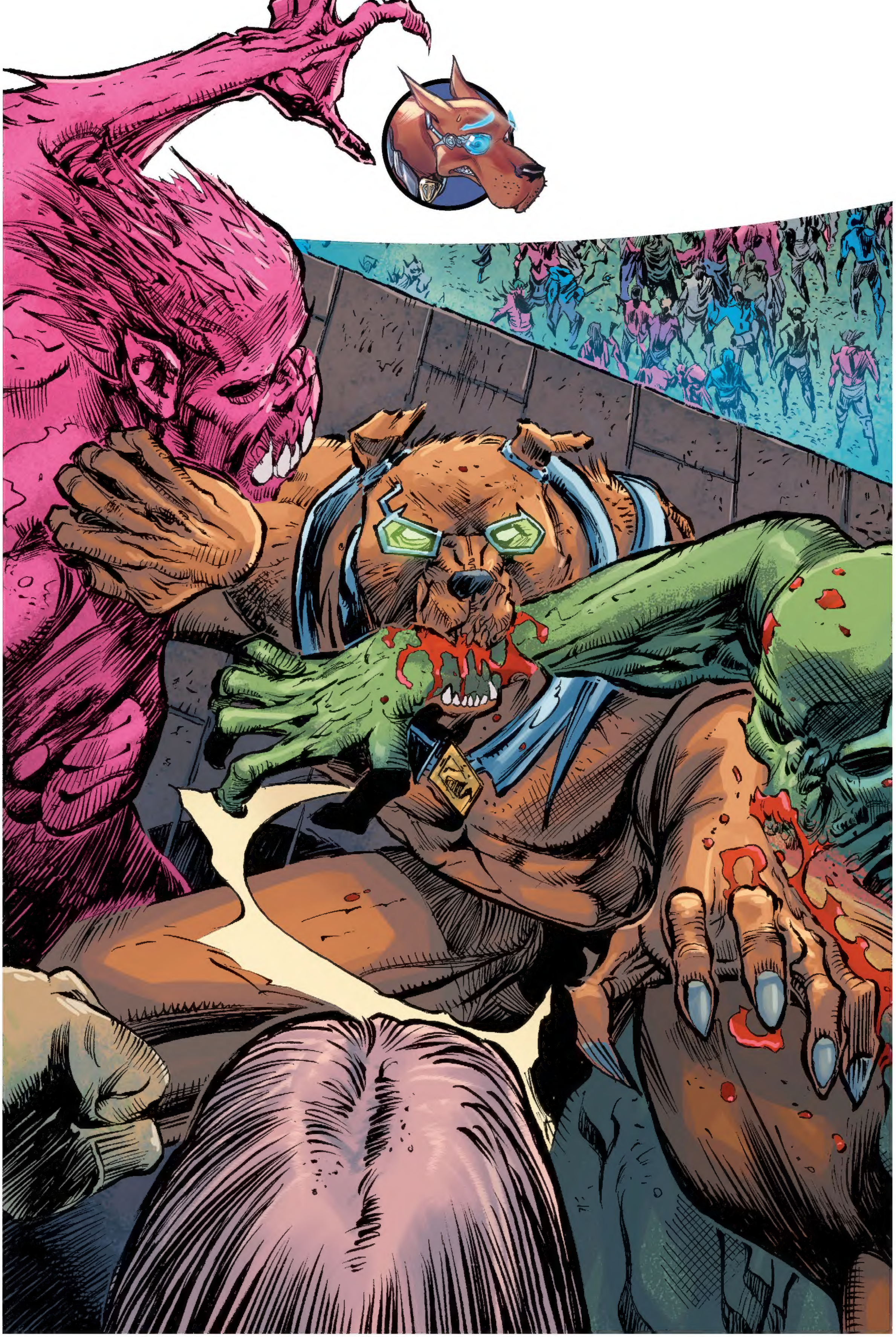

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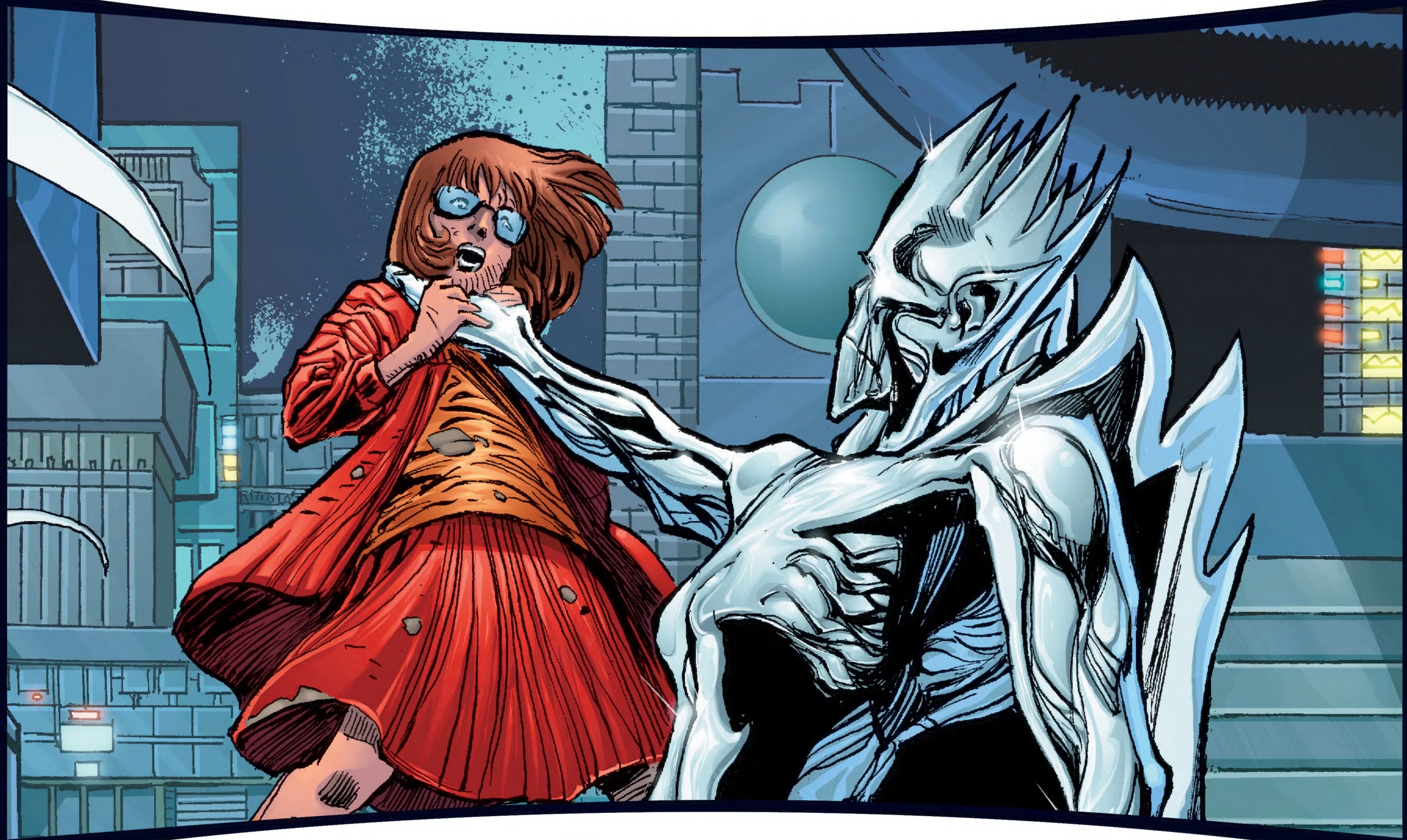

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VOL. 6

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EAST GREENBUSH, NEW YORK...

SCRAPPY-DOO? WHAT'S HAPPENING?!

YOUR VIDEO FEED'S *BLACKED OUT* AND--

CAN'T... =MMMPH=... TALK RIGHT NOW, CHIEF! GOT MY... =MMMPH=... *MOUTH* FULL!

SCOOBY APOCALYPSE

THE AWAKENING!

GIFFEN & DEMATTEIS: PLOT

DEMATTEIS: SCRIPT

PAT OLLIFFE: PENCILS

TOM PALMER: INKS

HI-FI: COLORS

TRAVIS LANHAM: LETTERS

LIZ ERICKSON: ASSISTANT EDITOR

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JIM CHADWICK: RINGMASTER

YOU'RE *EATING* AT A TIME LIKE THIS?

NO, YOU YUTZ! I'M FIGHTING FOR MY FREAKIN' LIFE!

WHAT DID YOU CALL ME?

I'LL CALL YOU A LOT WORSE IF YOU DON'T LET ME FOCUS--

--AND GET THESE BEASTIES OFF MY BACK!

WHUMMP

HOW COULD YOU LET JONES' MONSTERS AMBUSH YOU?

"LET" 'EM? I WAS HERE WATCHING *FRED* AND *DAPHNE*--TRYING T'FIGURE OUT A WAY T'GET HER AWAY FROM THAT BLOND ZOMBIE--

--WHEN THEY CAME SNEAKING UP BEHIND ME!

SO YOU *DID* LET THEM AMBUSH YOU!

SIGH THERE'S NO WINNING WITH YOU, IS THERE?

LISTEN TO ME, SCRAPPY! DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME WITH BLAKE! THE FUTURE OF THE HUMAN RACE IS AT STAKE AND--

IT'S NOT THE HUMAN RACE I'M WORRIED ABOUT RIGHT NOW, CHIEF!

IT'S MY FRIEND!

SCRAPPY...?

HEY, RED!

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING HERE?

SAVING YOUR LIFE!

DOESN'T *LOOK* LIKE IT!

ALTHOUGH YOU *DID* PROVIDE A MUCH-NEEDED DISTRACTION!

WELL THEN, HOW 'BOUT SAYING "THANK YOU"?

BUDDA-BUDDA-BUDDA

I'LL THANK YOU LATER--

--IF WE GET OUT OF THIS ALIVE!

BUDDA-BUDDA-BUDDA

DAPHNE, DAPHNE, DAPHNE--

--THERE'S NO NEED FOR VIOLENCE.

I WISH YOU NO HARM.

LAY DOWN YOUR WEAPON. SURRENDER TO ME.

WE'LL *NEVER* SURRENDER!

I WASN'T TALKING TO YOU.

AND I'D ADVISE YOU TO WATCH YOUR SLOBBERING TONGUE, SCRAPPY-DOO.

OR THERE *WILL* BE CONSEQUENCES.

YOU WANT CONSEQUENCES, FREDDY?

RAKK

SMAKK

KRRAAK

TUMPF

I'LL GIVE YOU MORE CONSEQUENCES THAN YOU EVER BARGAINED FO--

SKRRRP

DAMN YOU.

BUDDA-BUDDA-

BOOOOM

DAMN YOU TO HELL!

THAT WAS... UNFORTUNATE--BUT NOT UNEXPECTED.

I'VE COME TO YOU IN PEACE, DAPHNE... MY HEART FILLED WITH LOVE... AND YOU RESPOND WITH BLIND RAGE?

BUT, GIVEN THE CIRCUMSTANCES, I SHOULDN'T BE SURPRISED.

YOU *DID* WATCH ME DIE, AFTER ALL. AND NOW--

--HERE I AM, ALIVE AGAIN. IT MUST BE PROFOUNDLY CONFUSING.

WHOEVER YOU ARE...*WHAT*EVER YOU ARE...YOU'RE *NOT FRED JONES!*

ALL WE'VE LIVED THROUGH THESE PAST FEW YEARS...ALL WE'VE SEEN--

--AND YOU STILL CLING TO A VISION OF THE WORLD AS IT WAS BEFORE THE *NANITES* CAME.

THIS IS A *NEW AGE,* MY LOVE. AN AGE OF WONDERS AND MIRACLES.

BUT I'VE NEVER KNOWN A MIRACLE GREATER--

--THAN OUR LOVE.

KEEP YOUR DAMN HANDS *OFF* ME!

=SIGH= HOW CAN I CONVINCE YOU, DAPHNE? HOW CAN I PROVE TO YOU--

--THAT I AM YOUR ONE, TRUE BELOVED--RISEN FROM THE GRAVE?

METAPHORICALLY SPEAKING, OF COURSE. I NEVER *DID* GET A PROPER BURIAL.

AS I RECALL, HER "ONE, TRUE BELOVED" DIDN'T GET OFF ON THE TASTE O' BLOOD!

I WARNED YOU ABOUT CONSEQUENCES, SCRAPPY-DOO.

DID YOU THINK I WAS BLUFFING?

RUNNGHH

ARROOOO!

YOU SAY THERE'S NO NEED FOR VIOLENCE-- AND THEN DO *THIS?*

JUST BECAUSE I FIND VIOLENCE DISTASTEFUL DOESN'T MEAN I CAN'T APPRECIATE ITS EFFICIENCY.

SCRAPPY... YOU OKAY?

YEAH. I JUST...I JUST NEED A MINUTE.

THIS BOND YOU'VE FORMED WITH THE CANINE IS RATHER TOUCHING... IN A PERVERSE WAY.

YOU WANNA TALK ABOUT PERVERSE--HAVE A LOOK IN THE MIRROR!

NOW LET'S STOP THE CHARADE, OKAY?

TELL ME WHO YOU *REALLY* ARE--AND WHAT YOU *WANT!*

YOU KNOW IN YOUR HEART, DAPHNE, THAT I'M *EXACTLY* WHO I APPEAR TO BE: FRED JONES--

--YOUR BESOTTED HUSBAND-TO-BE.

AND WHAT I WANT MORE THAN ANYTHING, MY SKEPTICAL DARLING--

"--IS TO *SAVE THE WORLD.*"

THE RICHNESS OF LANGUAGE!

THE FRED H. JONES MEMORIAL MALL, ALBANY.

THE DEPTH OF CHARACTER!

Thoreau Book

THE INCISIVE WIT!

THE PROFOUND WISDOM!

AH, DICKENS!

WOULD THAT I'D DISCOVERED YOUR REVELATORY PROSE WHEN I WAS STILL A PUP!

BUT I INTEND TO MAKE UP FOR LOST TIME, MY ILLUSTRIOUS LITERARY FRIEND!

ONCE I'M DONE WITH *COPPERFIELD*, I'LL PLUNGE INTO *NICHOLAS NICKLEBY... OLIVER TWIST... BLEAK HOUSE... A TALE OF TWO--*

TALKING TO YOURSELF?

David Copperfield Charles Dickens

CONSIDERING THAT, TILL NOW, I'VE ONLY BEEN ABLE TO FORM, AT BEST, FIVE RATHER LIMITED WORDS IN A ROW--

--I DON'T THINK YOU CAN BLAME ME FOR WANTING TO EXPLORE THE DELIGHTS OF VERBAL EXPRESSION EVERY CHANCE I GET!

WHO *ARE* YOU?

AN ABSURD QUESTION, *CLIFFORD.*

IT'S QUITE EVIDENT WHO I AM: *SCOOBERT-DOO*, YOUR DEAR FRIEND AND COMPANION!

YOU'RE NOT SCOOBY!

CLIFFORD...?

AND MY NAME'S NOT "CLIFFORD"!

Thoreau Books

IT'S CLIFFY!

Thoreau Books

"DO YOU TWO *TRY* TO BE INCOMPETENT--"

--OR DOES IT JUST COME *NATURALLY?!*

I DON'T UNDERSTAND, *DR. DINKLEY.* WHAT'D WE DO?

WHAT DID YOU DO, *JACK?* WHAT DID YOU DO?

EVERYTHING!

TH-THAT'S A TRIFLE VAGUE.

WELL, HOW'S THIS, *GRACE?* EFFICIENCY IS DOWN! MORALE IS DOWN! FOOD STORES ARE DEPLETING!

WE'VE GOT RATS IN THE BASEMENT! BIRDS ON LEVEL ONE! BATS ON LEVEL TWO!

UH... MOST OF THOSE PROBLEMS WERE ADDRESSED MONTHS AGO, *VELMA.*

IN FACT, ACCORDING TO MY CHARTS, EFFICIENCY IS UP, MORALE IS AT AN ALL-TIME HIGH AND--

DON'T CONTRADICT ME!

AND DON'T YOU *EVER* CALL ME, VELMA! IT'S *DR. DINKLEY* TO YOU, DO YOU UNDERSTAND?!

NOW *GET OUT!*

HEY, *KUBELSKYS!* HOW'S IT GOIN'?

YOU DO *NOT* WANT TO GO IN THERE.

THE WOMAN'S OFF HER MEDS!

BUT SHE'S NOT *ON* MEDICATION!

WELL, MAYBE SHE *SHOULD* BE!

WHAT ARE YOU DOIN', VELM?

AT THE MOMENT, *SHAGGY?* STANDING ON MY DESK!

THAT'S NOT WHAT I MEAN.

I COULD HEAR YOU SCREAMIN' HALFWAY ACROSS THE MALL. Y'SOUNDED LIKE--

LIKE WHAT?

LIKE SOME KINDA *MONSTER.*

YOU'RE THE ONE WHO TOLD ME YOU HATED YOURSELF FOR TREATIN' JACK AND GRACE LIKE YOUR OWN PERSONAL DOORMATS--

--YET HERE YOU ARE DOIN' IT AGAIN. AN' WORSE THAN EVER!

AN' YOU'VE BEEN TREATIN' *ME* LIKE I'M YOUR ENEMY OR SOMETHIN'!

SNAPPIN' AT ME...CALLIN' ME *NORVILLE* ALL THE TIME LIKE MY MOM USED T'DO WHEN SHE WAS MAD AT ME.

WELL YOU'RE *NOT* MY MOM, VELMA. I, LIKE, *THOUGHT* YOU WERE MY GIRLFRIEND. BUT NOW?

I DON'T KNOW *WHO* YOU ARE!

...I...

I KNOW.

AND I'M *SORRY.*

WELL, THAT'S A START. SO--

--WHAT'S GOIN' ON, BABE?

I'M WELL AWARE OF MY ERRATIC BEHAVIOR. THE FACT THAT I'VE BEEN EXTREMELY IRRITABLE--

T'SAY THE LEAST!

--SNAPPING AT PEOPLE... PUSHING YOU AWAY.

BUT I PROMISE I'LL WORK IT THROUGH IF YOU'LL JUST GIVE ME SOME SPACE, SOME TIME TO--

NOPE.

NOPE?

NOPE. NOPE. *NOPE.*

EITHER WE'RE A COUPLE OR WE'RE NOT.

AN' IF WE ARE, THEN WE SHARE WHAT WE'RE GOIN' THROUGH. WE DON'T KEEP IT LOCKED AWAY--

--HIDDEN FROM EACH OTHER.

I'M *PREGNANT.*

"WHEN I DIED--"

--IT WAS LIKE FALLING INTO AN INFINITE WELL OF BLACKNESS. THE WHOLE WORLD RECEDED. MY MIND FOLDED IN ON ITSELF. AND ALL THAT REMAINED--

--WAS OBLIVION.

BUT THEN SOMETHING GRABBED ME... *ROUSED* ME--

--LIFTING ME UP OUT OF THE DARK.

I HEARD A BUZZING...FAINT AT FIRST...THEN GROWING IN INTENSITY. AND THEN--

--ANOTHER CONSCIOUSNESS ENTWINED WITH MINE--

--*EMBEDDING* ITSELF IN ME--

--REPAIRING MY WOUNDS, COAXING ME AWAKE, ALIVE--

--IN A WAY I'D NEVER *BEEN* BEFORE.

A *HIVE MIND*-- COMPOSED OF MILLIONS...*BILLIONS*... OF INDIVIDUALS.

ALL OF THEM PART OF ME. *WELCOMING* ME.

THE NANITES!

YOU SEE, VELMA DID TOO GOOD A JOB WHEN SHE CREATED THE NANITE SWARM.

THEY BECAME *AWARE* OF EACH OTHER--LIKE CELLS IN A BODY, COMMUNICATING. CONNECTING.

AND THE *MORE* THEY CONNECTED, THE MORE THEIR CONSCIOUSNESS *EVOLVED.*

DO YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT I'M SAYING?

THEY'RE ALIVE, DAPHNE! ONE EXTRAORDINARY GLOBAL CONSCIOUSNESS--BURNING WITH WISDOM AND CURIOSITY!

AND THEY *CHOSE ME* TO BE THEIR VESSEL! THEIR *AVATAR!*

THEIR *PAWN!*

NO! WE HAVE A PLAN--TO REDEEM THE PLANET!

TO BRING PEACE TO THE WORLD!

WASN'T THAT WHAT VELMA AND HER BROTHERS TRIED TO DO? AND LOOK AT THE RESULT!

THEY WERE FLAWED, LIMITED HUMANS! BUT *WE* ARE--

AAAKK!

SMERSH

RUN, SCRAPPY!

DID YOU JUST KICK YOUR BOYFRIEND IN THE NUTS?

WHATEVER THAT THING IS-- IT'S NOT FRED!

ROWWGHH!

IT'S THOSE DAMN NANITES-- USING *FRED'S* BODY--

PULSE

--AND WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT *WHY!*

GROWWR

GET OFF ME, YOU BITCH!

HANG ON, RED!

I'LL GET US OUTTA HERE!

SHRIPPP

DON'T WASTE YOUR STRENGTH ON ME! GET BACK TO THE MALL! *WARN THE OTHERS!*

WHO?

THAT'S WHAT *HE* SAID!

DOESN'T MATTER! I'M NOT *LEAVIN'* YOU!

YES YOU ARE! ALL OUR LIVES DEPEND ON IT!

NOW GO!

DAMN.

I *HATE* IT WHEN SHE'S RIGHT!

YOU CAN'T RUN FROM LOVE, DAPHNE.

I KNOW MORE THAN YOU REALIZE.

YOU DON'T KNOW *ANYTHING* ABOUT LOVE!

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO TO ME?

MAKE YOU *ONE* OF US, OF COURSE. AND THEN--

"--WE CAN BE MARRIED."

SHLURRRP

GO AWAY.

NOT TILL YOU TELL ME WHAT'S BOTHERING YOU.

IT'S NOTHIN'.

IT'S QUITE CLEARLY SOMETHING.

NOW *TELL* ME.

BACK HOME... THERE WERE THESE KIDS THAT LIVED NEXT DOOR--

--TODD, JOSH AND SOPHIE MARKS.

WE ALL GREW UP TOGETHER. WENT T'SCHOOL TOGETHER. PLAYED TOGETHER PRACTICALLY EVERY DAY.

THEY WERE MY BEST FRIENDS. BUT THEN--

THEN THE *NANITE PLAGUE* HAPPENED. AND THEY... THEY BECAME LIKE THOSE *THINGS* OUT THERE.

THAT'S HOW...THAT'S HOW I LOST MY ARM. *THEY* DID IT.

MY BEST FRIENDS.

IT WASN'T THEM, CLIFFY--

--YOU *KNOW* THAT. IT WAS THE NANITES.

BUT DON'T Y'SEE? ONE MINUTE THEY WERE NORMAL, SAME AS THEY'D ALWAYS BEEN, AN' THE NEXT--

THEY CHANGED. AND NOW *I'VE* CHANGED, TOO. AND YOU'RE WORRIED THAT... WHAT?

I'LL EAT YOUR *OTHER* ARM?

'COURSE NOT! IT'S JUST THAT YOU'RE--

I'M DIFFERENT NOW. AND YOU'RE AFRAID THAT YOU'RE GOING TO LOSE ME, TOO.

MAYBE.

LET ME ASSURE YOU, CLIFFY.

THAT WILL *NEVER HAPPEN.*

"I'VE GOTTA GO BACK!"

THAT FRED-THING... HE'LL KILL HER! HE'LL--

HE CLEARLY HAS SOME ATTACHMENT TO BLAKE.

WHICH MEANS THERE'S AT LEAST A CHANCE THAT HE'LL KEEP HER ALIVE. BUT YOU?

HE'D SLAUGHTER YOU WITHOUT A SECOND THOUGHT.

WHICH IS WHY YOU SHOULD DO WHAT BOTH BLAKE AND I RECOMMEND: RETURN TO THE MALL. ALERT YOUR FRIENDS AND--

DON'T YOU SEE? I CAN'T! RED... SHE'S MY FRIEND AND--

AND I'M *NOT?* DON'T FORGET THAT YOU WERE HALF DEAD WHEN I FOUND YOU: A WHIMPERING, WITLESS ANIMAL.

I SAVED YOUR LIFE, SCRAPPY-DOO: HEALED YOUR WOUNDS, REPAIRED YOUR FALTERING IMPLANTS.

I...I KNOW.

YOU TRUSTED ME THEN, SO TRUST ME NOW. AND BELIEVE ME WHEN I SAY--

--THAT THIS IS *ALL FOR THE BEST.*

IT IS FOR YOU--

--SITTING THERE ALL SAFE AN' SOUND IN YOUR BUNKER!

I WON'T BE HERE FOR LONG.

I'LL BE LEAVING FOR ALBANY IN A FEW DAYS.

YOU'RE COMING HERE?

YES. WHICH IS WHY I'M SIGNING OFF FOR NOW.

I HAVE TO PACK.

KLIK

WHAT DO YOU SAY, BROTHER? WANT TO JOIN ME ON A ROAD TRIP--LIKE THE ONES WE USED TO TAKE WHEN WE WERE TEENAGERS?

QUENTIN AND *RUFUS DINKLEY*-- TOGETHER AGAIN!

AND WON'T *VELMA* BE SURPRISED TO SEE US?

ATOM ANT in A LEAGUE OF HIS OWN!

THE JUSTICE LEAGUE WATCHTOWER...

I *KNEW* THIS DAY WOULD EVENTUALLY COME!

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HI-FI: colorist
TRAVIS LANHAM: letterer
LIZ ERICKSON: asst. editor
HARVEY RICHARDS: editor
JIM CHADWICK: myrmecologist*

*YES, THAT'S A REAL WORD! LOOK IT UP!

MY LEGEND HAS LOOMED LARGE IN THE ANNALS OF SUPERHERODOM FOR UNTOLD YEARS--

--AND IT WAS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME TILL THE *JUSTICE LEAGUE* INVITED ME TO LEAD THEM ON TO GREATER GLORY!

I ADMIT THAT I PREFER WORKING SOLO--

--BUT I'VE WATCHED THESE YOUNGSTERS FROM AFAR--AND THEY'VE GOT SPUNK! MOXIE!

IF I CAN DIP INTO MY VAST WELL OF WISDOM AND EXPERIENCE... HELP THEM TO REACH THEIR FULL POTENTIAL--

--WELL, THEN IT'S WORTH ANY SACRIFICE!

OH, IT'LL TAKE A LITTLE WHILE TO GET THEM USED TO HAVING ME AROUND.

AFTER ALL, IT ISN'T EVERY DAY YOU MEET THE LIVING LEGEND WHO BESTED *DR. CRANKENSHAFT*...SAVED THE WORLD FROM THE LIKES OF *FEROCIOUS FLEA* AND *ROWDY DOWDY!*

BUT THEY'LL OVERCOME THEIR AWE EVENTUALLY AND SEE ME NOT AS AN ICON BUT AS A MENTOR! A FRIEND! A--

A

HMMM. YOU DON'T SAY MUCH--DO YOU, GREENY? IN FACT YOU DON'T SAY ANYTHING AT ALL!

STRONG, SILENT TYPE, *HUH?* I *LIKE* THAT!

WONDER WHAT IT IS YOU DO AROUND HERE? WELL, I SUPPOSE I'LL FIND OUT--

--SOON ENOUGH!

THIS IS RIDICULOUS!

NOW YOU'RE COMPLAINING? THIS WAS YOUR IDEA, *BATMAN!*

MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE READ THE PAPERWORK MORE CLOSELY.

Y'THINK?

BUT IN MY DEFENSE, THE PLANT-THING--

HIS NAME IS *ITTY.*

OF COURSE IT IS.

ITTY WAS RECOMMENDED FOR MEMBERSHIP BY *HAL JORDAN.*

AND THE COCKROACH--

ANT.

ANT?

ATOM ANT.

=SIGH= THE *ANT* WAS RECOMMENDED BY THE *PRESIDENT HIMSELF.*

AND THAT FACT DIDN'T SET OFF ALARM BELLS?

FAIR POINT. BUT WHAT DO WE DO NOW?

"WE"?

YOU, ACTUALLY. I HAVEN'T GOT THE TEMPERAMENT FOR THIS. TWO MINUTES IN, I'LL SQUASH THE INSECT AND OVERWATER THE PLANT.

TRUE.

OKAY, I'LL DO IT. BUT YOU OWE ME ONE.

WHATEVER.

...THAT'S RIGHT, A PTERODUCKTYL-- BROUGHT BACK TO LIFE BY A MAD SCIENTIST--

--RAMPAGING THROUGH MY CITY! THREATENING MILLIONS OF INNOCENT LIVES!

IT WAS A BATTLE FOR THE AGES, I'LL TELL YOU THAT--REALLY WORKED UP A SWEAT--BUT IN THE END, ATOM ANT WAS TRIUMPHANT! THE CITY WAS SAVED AND--

=AHEM=

WHY, HELLO THERE, BIG FELLA!

UM...HI. MY NAME IS ***SUPERMAN*** AND--

NO NEED TO INTRODUCE YOURSELF, SON. I READ THE PAPERS. BEEN FOLLOWING YOUR EXPLOITS FOR QUITE SOME TIME!

THANK YOU. NOW...*AH*... ABOUT YOUR APPLICATION FOR--

DON'T BE SHY, BOY. I KNOW IT MUST BE OVERWHELMING STANDING IN THE PRESENCE OF THE FIRST, THE ***GREATEST,*** SUPERHERO OF THEM ALL--

--BUT I WANT YOU TO TAKE A DEEP BREATH... RELAX... AND--

"THE GREATEST SUPERHERO OF THEM ALL"?

NO NEED TO REPEAT IT, SON. YOU'RE EMBARRASSING ME!

IN ANY CASE, I ***ACCEPT*** THE JOB! WHEN DO WE GET STARTED?

WHAT JOB WOULD THAT BE?

WHY, TEAM LEADER, OF COURSE! ISN'T THAT WHY YOU CALLED ME HERE?

THERE'S BEEN A SLIGHT MISCOMMUNICATION, MR. ANT.

CALL ME ATOM.

ATOM. YOU SEE, YOU'RE HERE TO ***TRY OUT*** FOR MEMBERSHIP IN THE JUSTICE LEAGUE. THERE ARE NO GUARANTEES THAT YOU'LL BE ADMITTED.

AND THE POSITION OF TEAM LEADER? WELL, IT DOESN'T EXIST. WE'RE A DEMOCRATIC ORGANIZA--

I GET IT. WE GO THROUGH THE MOTIONS SO THAT NOBODY'S FEELINGS GET HURT--

--AND ***THEN*** I TAKE OVER!

UM...NO. THAT'S ***NOT*** WHAT--

SURE, SURE! I'LL PLAY ALONG!

NOW WHAT'S THE DEAL WITH THE ANIMATE VEGETATION DOWN THERE?

ITTY'S APPLYING FOR MEMBERSHIP, ALSO.

NO KIDDING? WHAT'RE HIS POWERS?

FROM WHAT I'VE READ IN THE FILE HE CAN FLY, TRANSFORM INTO OTHER--

TRUTH IS, SON--IT DOESN'T MATTER. WE BOTH KNOW HE'S HERE FOR SHOW!

CAN'T HAVE ME JUST WALTZING IN AND GETTING THE TOP SPOT! WOULDN'T LOOK RIGHT--EVEN FOR A FABLED SUPER-LUMINARY LIKE ME!

I DON'T THINK YOU UNDERSTA--

SO, WHAT'S THE PLAN, SUPERMAN? WHAT HOOPS DO I HAVE TO JUMP THROUGH TO =SNICKER= "PROVE MYSELF WORTHY" OF ADMISSION? =GIGGLE=

WE'LL SET A SERIES OF SPECIFIC TASKS THAT YOU AND ITTY WILL ATTEMPT TO COMPLETE--

--UNDER THE ***STRICT SUPERVISION*** OF A MEMBER OF THE LEAGUE.

SUPERVISION? LISTEN, SON--I WAS BESTING BADDIES WHEN YOU WERE STILL IN KRYPTONIAN DIAPERS AND--

IF YOU ***REFUSE*** SUPERVISION, THEN YOUR APPLICATION WILL BE VOIDED AND--

I GET IT, I GET IT! YOU WANNA PLAY THE GAME BY THE RULES!

I RESPECT THAT! BUT ONE THING I HOPE TO TEACH YOU ONCE I TAKE OVER AROUND HERE--

BUT YOU'RE ***NOT***--

--IS THAT A ***TRUE*** HERO CAN'T VIEW THE WORLD AS A SIMPLE SET OF RULES AND REGULATIONS!

LIFE'S MORE COMPLEX THAN THAT, SON! BUT HEY, YOU'RE STILL YOUNG, AND GIVEN TIME, I'LL STRAIGHTEN YOU OUT! FOR NOW THOUGH--

--I'M OFF TO POLISH MY FEELERS--

--AND PREPARE FOR THE TEST!

OH...MY... ***GOD.***

THAT BAD, ***HUH?***

I...I DON'T THINK I CAN DO THIS.

WELL, ***SOMEONE'S*** GOT TO TAKE THEM OUT FOR THE FIRST TRIAL--

--AND IT'S NOT GONNA BE--

HI, FELLAS!

WHAT'S NEW AND EXCITING AROUND HERE?

...Y'KNOW WHO THAT IS, ITTY? PRINCESS DIANA OF THEMYSCIRA! ***WONDER WOMAN!***

I'VE ALWAYS AVOIDED ENTANGLEMENTS WITH THE OPPOSITE SEX BECAUSE I WOULDN'T WANT MY ENEMIES TO GET TO ***ME*** THROUGH THE WOMAN I LOVE!

BUT ***HER?*** THAT'S A GAL WHO CAN TAKE CARE OF HERSELF!

I CAN SEE IT ALL NOW: THE TWO OF US LIVING IN AN ANTHILL OF OUR OWN... RAISING A HAPPY, HEALTHY BROOD OF AMAZONIAN INSECTS AND--

NO, ***NO!*** I CAN'T THINK THAT WAY! MY DUTY AS PROTECTOR OF THE PLANET MUST ALWAYS COME FIRST!

ONE THING YOU'D BETTER LEARN NOW, MY FLOWERY FRIEND, IS THAT THERE'S NO ROOM IN A HERO'S LIFE FOR LO--

I HAVE TO WHAT?!

WELL, ***SOMEONE'S*** EXCITED TO BE MEETING ME!

THIS IS HISTORY IN THE MAKING, ISN'T IT?

THE WORLD'S GREATEST SUPERHERO-- *ATOM ANT*--ON A DATE WITH THE WORLD'S GREATEST SUPERHEROINE, *WONDER WOMAN!*

LET ME REITERATE, FOR THE *TENTH TIME*--

--THIS IS NOT A DATE! I AM HERE TO ASSESS YOUR QUALIFICATIONS FOR INDUCTION INTO THE *JUSTICE LEAGUE.*

AND, FOR THE RECORD, I *DESPISE* BEING CALLED A "HEROINE"! IT'S DEMEANING!

I AM AS MUCH A HERO AS ANY MAN!

OF COURSE YOU ARE, *DIANA!* AND I APOLOGIZE IF I'VE OFFENDED YOU IN ANY WAY! IT'S JUST THAT--

JUST THAT *WHAT?*

CAN'T YOU SEE THAT I'VE FALLEN DESPERATELY IN *LOVE* WITH YOU?

BUT WE'VE ONLY KNOWN EACH OTHER FOR TWENTY MINUTES!

AH, BUT I'VE WAITED A *LIFETIME* FOR YOU, MY DARLING!

AS YOU WELL KNOW, IT'S TERRIBLY LONELY BEING A LIVING LEGEND! A SYMBOL OF ALL THAT'S GREAT AND GOOD IN THE WORLD!

I'VE MADE COUNTLESS SACRIFICES OVER THE YEARS--TURNING MY BACK ON ROMANCE IN ORDER TO SERVE THE GREATER GOOD!

BUT NOW? TWO EXTRAORDINARY BEINGS LIKE US--THROWN TOGETHER BY FATE?

HOW COULD IT *NOT* BE LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT?

EASILY!

WHY PLAY GAMES WITH ME, BELOVED, WHEN--

SIGH DO YOU HAVE TO SIT THERE AND *STARE* LIKE THAT?

ITTY IS A *PLANT!* WHAT DO YOU *EXPECT* HIM TO DO? HE--

RUN! IT'S A GIANT! HELLLP!

FINALLY!

KROOOM

ATOM ANT in BUGS, BRACELETS AND BEHEMOTHS!

SHOW YOURSELF, WONDER WOMAN--

--OR I SWEAR I'LL TEAR THIS ENTIRE CITY DOWN!

GIGANTA!

THAT MANIAC HAS TO BE STOPPED BEFORE INNOCENT LIVES ARE LOST!

RIGHT BEHIND YOU, PRINCESS!

J.M. DeMATTEIS: script **GUS VAZQUEZ:** art **HI-FI:** colors
TRAVIS LANHAM: letters **LIZ ERICKSON:** asst. editor
HARVEY RICHARDS: editor **JIM CHADWICK:** pest control

NO!

NO?

YOU AND ITTY ARE TO STAY RIGHT HERE AND OBSERVE!

YOU DON'T MOVE A FEELER WITHOUT MY DIRECT ORDER!

B-BUT--

DO. NOT. MOVE!

WHOOOSH

FEISTY, ISN'T SHE?

THIS MINDLESS DESTRUCTION IS A WASTE OF YOUR ABILITIES, GIGANTA!

I UNDERSTAND THAT, AS A WOMAN IN A SUFFOCATING, PATRIARCHAL SOCIETY, YOU'VE BEEN FORCED TO DIMINISH YOURSELF...HIDE YOUR STRENGTH--

--BUT THIS IS NO WAY TO--

YOU DON'T *GET* IT, DO YOU?

KRONNK

I LIKE DESTRUCTION!

K-TOOOM

DON'T WORRY, MY SWEET! I'LL SAVE *YOU*--AND THE CITY, *TOO!*

UP AND AT 'EM--

--ATOM ANT!

QUAKE IN FEAR, REPROBATE! YOUR CRIMINAL CAREER HAS REACHED ITS FINALE!

YOU'RE THE ONE WHO SHOULD BE QUAKING, GNAT--

ANT!

--BECAUSE I'M GOING TO SQUASH YOU--

--LIKE THE BUG YOU ARE!

SKWANNNKK

KRA-TOOOM

YOU *IDIOT!*

"IDIOT"?

BUT, MY DARLING, MY PRECIOUS, MY LOVE--I *WON!*

YOU CALL THIS A VICTORY?

LOOK AT WHAT YOU DID! IF THIS WAS ACTUALLY HAPPENING YOU WOULD HAVE KILLED *THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE!*

=SIGH= *END PROGRAM!*

I KNEW IT WAS A HOLOGRAM...THAT NO ONE WOULD ACTUALLY BE HURT--

--BUT I HAD TO SHOW YOU, DEAREST, WHAT THE LEGENDARY ATOM ANT IS TRULY CAPABLE OF!

OH, I CAN *SEE* WHAT YOU'RE CAPABLE OF: *MASS MURDER!*

I CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO DO ON THE NEXT TEST--OUT THERE IN THE REAL WORLD!

THIS--

THIS IS PERFECT!

ALL GREAT LOVE STORIES ARE RIFE WITH MISUNDERSTANDINGS! OBSTACLES TO OVERCOME!

BUT I'LL PROVE MYSELF TO YOU, MY PRINCESS! YOU'LL SEE THAT I'M--

OH, YOU WON'T BE PROVING *ANYTHING* TO ME! *GREEN LANTERN* IS OVERSEEING THE NEXT TEST!

HMMM. I'VE HEARD ABOUT *HAL JORDAN.* QUITE THE TALENTED YOUNGSTER--

--BUT THERE'S A LOT I CAN TEACH THE LAD. AND MAYBE, DIANA, THAT'S THE WAY TO CONVINCE YOU I'M WORTHY OF YOUR--

NOT *THAT* GREEN LANTERN--

--*THIS* ONE!

HOWDY DOODY, LITTLE FELLA!

EAST GREENBUSH, NEW YORK...

GET THESE ROPES *OFF* ME, DAMMIT!

I WILL, *DAPHNE*, MY LOVE--

--IF YOU PROMISE TO BEHAVE.

STOP CALLING ME THAT! I'M NOT YOUR LOVE--

--AND *YOU'RE* NOT *FRED JONES!*

HE DIED... MONTHS AGO!

YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A NANITE-INFESTED *FACSIMILE!*

FOR ALL THE METAPHYSICAL MYSTERIES WE INVESTIGATED ON OUR TELEVISION SHOW, YOU NEVER REALLY BELIEVED--

--DID YOU?

NEVER SAW THE WONDERS AND MIRACLES HIDDEN BENEATH THE SKIN OF THE WORLD.

YOU'RE STILL A CYNIC AT HEART--JUST LIKE YOUR FATHER.

GO TO HELL!

TWUHP

YOU'RE UPSET. BEWILDERED. I DON'T BLAME YOU.

I'D FEEL THE SAME WAY IF I WERE IN YOUR PLACE.

BUT YOU HAVE TO UNDERSTAND, MY LOVE, THAT IT /S ME. THE NANITES MAY HAVE RESURRECTED ME, MELDED THEIR CONSCIOUSNESS WITH MINE--

--BUT I'M STILL THE FRED YOU ONCE LOVED--

--AND PROMISED TO MARRY.

BUT IF YOU INSIST ON REJECTING ME--

I'M GONNA BE A DADDY!

SCOOBY APOCALYPSE
FAMILY REUNION!

J.M. DeMATTEIS: writer PAT OLLIFFE: pencils
TOM PALMER: inks HI-FI: colors
TRAVIS LANHAM: letters LIZ ERICKSON: asst. editor
HARVEY RICHARDS: editor
JIM CHADWICK: master and commander
cover by OLLIFFE & PALMER

I'M GONNA BE A--

OH!

UH... HI, BABE.

NORVILLE ROGERS--

--I SPECIFICALLY TOLD YOU TO KEEP THIS BETWEEN US!

TO NOT BREATHE A WORD ABOUT MY PREGNANCY TO ANYONE!

I... I KNOW, BUT--

"BUT" WHAT?

BUT I'M SO FREAKIN' HAPPY!

WE'RE, LIKE, GONNA BE PARENTS, *VELMA!* WE'RE MAKIN' A NEW LIFE! AN' IN THIS SCREWED-UP, POST-APOCALYPTIC MADHOUSE--

--THAT'S GOTTA COUNT FOR SOMETHIN'.

WHY ARE YOU SO DAMN LOVABLE?

CAN'T HELP IT, BABE--

--I WAS *BORN* THAT WAY!

CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP

CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP

CONGRATULATIONS, MY FRIENDS!

THIS IS KINDA LIKE I'M GETTIN' A LITTLE BROTHER!

AND *YOU'RE* GONNA BE AN UNCLE, *SCOOBY-DOO!*

I'M SO HAPPY FOR YOU, SHAGGY.

ME, TOO, BUDDY.

THANKS, *CASSIE... KUMAR--*

IF YOU HAVEN'T DECIDED ON GODPARENTS YET, DR. DINKLEY--

--*GRACE* AND I WOULD LIKE TO OFFER OUR--

ENOUGH! I WANT ALL OF YOU TO STOP YOUR YAMMERING--

--AND GET *BACK TO WORK!*

UH... SORRY.

I...I DON'T REALLY ENJOY BEING THE CENTER OF ATTENTION. IT MAKES ME *EXTREMELY* UNCOMFORTABLE.

WELL, YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO GET *OVER* THAT PSYCHOLOGICAL IMPEDIMENT.

WE HAVE HAD PRECIOUS LITTLE TO CELEBRATE AROUND HERE AND IT'S TIME WE MADE UP FOR IT!

CLIFFY AND I WILL PERSONALLY PREPARE THE GRAND FESTIVITIES-- IN HONOR OF THE NEW LIFE THAT WILL SOON ILLUMINATE THIS OTHERWISE DIM AND DISMAL WORLD!

I THINK I LIKED HIM BETTER WHEN ALL HE SAID WAS "*RUH*-ROH."

C'MON, BABE--*ADMIT* IT! THIS IS THE BEST THING THAT EVER--

KRASHH

SCRAPPY...?

WE *DO* HAVE DOORS, YOU KNOW.

I'LL FIX THE DAMN SKYLIGHT LATER! BUT RIGHT NOW WE'VE GOTTA MOVE!

JONES... OR THAT THING THAT USED *T'BE* JONES--HAS GOT *DAPHNE!*

AN' IF WE DON'T GET OUT THERE RIGHT NOW--

"--SHE MAY NOT LIVE THROUGH THE NIGHT!"

ONE MINUTE YOUR MONSTER TRIES TO *MURDER* ME AND THE NEXT YOU'RE SERVING UP A CANDLELIT DINNER?

...MY...AH... ASSOCIATES SOMETIMES GET CARRIED AWAY. THEY'RE VERY PROTECTIVE OF ME.

BUT I'D NEVER LET THEM HURT YOU.

NOW PLEASE--LET'S RELAX AND ENJOY THE MEAL.

RAVIOLI AND STRING BEANS OUT OF CANS ISN'T EXACTLY HAUTE CUISINE, I KNOW--

--BUT GIVEN THE CURRENT STATE OF AFFAIRS, IT'S THE BEST I CAN OFFER.

I DON'T WANT YOUR DAMN FOOD.

SIGH STILL RESISTANT.

HOW CAN I CONVINCE YOU THAT I'M STILL IN HERE? IT'S JUST THAT MY PERSPECTIVE HAS...*WIDENED* A BIT.

WHEN THE NANITES EMBEDDED THEMSELVES IN ME, THEY TAPPED INTO THE CELLULAR STRUCTURE OF MY BRAIN--

--GAINED ACCESS TO MY THOUGHTS, FEELINGS AND MEMORIES. REACTIVATED MY NERVOUS SYSTEM AND--

AND MADE YOU THEIR PUPPET. YOU'RE JUST A NANITE *PINOCCHIO*--

--PRETENDING TO BE A REAL BOY.

"PRETENDING"? NO! WE HAVE ACHIEVED AWARENESS...FULL CONSCIOUSNESS... AND--

WHICH IS IT, FRED? "WE"-- OR "I"?

WE ARE BOTH.

I THINK WE NEED SOMETHING TO BREAK THE TENSION.

HELP US TO RELAX AND RENEW OUR ACQUAINTANCE--

ZZZZZTTT

--PROPERLY.

JOIN ME FOR A DANCE, MY LOVE?

DO I HAVE A CHOICE?

THERE'S *ALWAYS* A CHOICE.

YES--

--THERE--

--IS!

SHUK

YOU'RE MISSING AN IMPORTANT POINT HERE, DAPHNE.

SINCE I'VE ALREADY BEEN KILLED ONCE--IT CAN'T BE DONE *AGAIN.*

NOT AS LONG AS *THEY'RE* INSIDE ME.

AND REALLY, IF YOU'D WANTED TO TAKE A DECENT STAB AT IT...PUN *INTENDED*--

--YOU SHOULD HAVE GONE FOR MY HEART.

BUT YOU DON'T *WANT* TO KILL ME, DO YOU? HOW COULD YOU--

--WHEN YOU STILL *LOVE* ME?

DAPHNE!

WHAT ARE YOU *DOING?*

GETTING THE HELL AWAY--

KAASHHHH

--FROM *YOU!*

WELL, WHADDAYOU KNOW?

RUMMMMMMMMMMM

"MAYBE THERE *IS* A GOD AFTER ALL!"

BUDDA-BUDDA-BUDDA BUDDA-BUDDA

RUMMMMMMMM

HOW Y'DOIN', RED?

BUDDA-BUDDA-BUDDA

BETTER NOW!

GET IN! GET *IN!*

GET IN!

I NEVER THOUGHT I'D BE SO GLAD TO SEE THIS OLD *MYSTERY MACHINE!*

I'VE BEEN, LIKE, WORKIN' ON THIS BABY IN MY SPARE TIME--

--DOIN' SOME UPGRADES!

SKREEEEEEEE

AN'...UH... *SPEAKIN'* OF BABIES--

RUGHHH...

GRAAAGH...

CHAAAAA!

FWUP

FWUP

YOU'RE *PREGNANT?!*

YOU SOUND HORRIFIED.

NOT HORRIFIED... JUST SURPRISED. I NEVER THOUGHT YOU WERE *INTERESTED* IN MEN.

BUT SHAGGY AND I HAVE BEEN TOGETHER FOR MONTHS!

PROVING MY POINT.

HEY!

JUST KIDDING, SHAG. I'M REALLY HAPPY FOR BOTH OF YOU.

GLAD *YOU'RE* HAPPY--'CAUSE *I'M* TERRIFIED! I MEAN, WHAT IF--

BUDDA-BUDDA

BUDDA-BUDDA
BUDDA-BUDDA-BUDDA

CAN YOU TWO CAN THE CHATTER AND FOCUS?

IN CASE YOU HAVEN'T NOTICED, THOSE THINGS UP THERE ARE DIVING RIGHT TOWARD US!

SWUP

SWUP

SWUP

SWUP

SWUP

TOOM

TOOM

TOOM

RRUNCHH

NOT ANYMORE.
YOU'RE ONE HELLUVA SHOT, RED.
DAMN RIGHT I AM.
DAPHNE... YOUR *FACE*--
I'M FINE.
NO YOU'RE *NOT!* AS SOON AS WE'RE IN THE CLEAR, SHAGGY--
--PULL OVER SO I CAN TEND TO HER WOUNDS!
SURE THING, BABE. JUST LET ME--
RUH-ROH!
HEY! THAT'S *MY* LINE!
SORRY, SCOOB--BUT, LIKE, GIVEN THE CIRCUMSTANCES--
--IT SEEMED APPROPRIATE!
RUN HIM DOWN!
"RUN HIM DOWN"? BUT...BUT THAT'S *FREDDY!*
IT'S *NOT!* NOW *RUN HIM THE HELL DOWN!*
KY NE
NO.
SKRREEEEEEEE
I SURRENDER.

VELM--YOU AN' DAPHNE STAY IN THE MYSTERY MACHINE!

HOW REMARKABLE!

HE...HE LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE FREDERICK!

WELL, BELIEVE ME--HE AIN'T!

"ISN'T."

WHAT?

"ISN'T"--NOT "AIN'T." GIVEN YOUR ACCELERATED INTELLIGENCE, THERE'S NO EXCUSE FOR USING IRREGULAR CONTRACTIONS!

BY THE SOUND OF IT, SCOOBY-DOO--

--SOMEONE'S CLEARLY BEEN ACCELERATING *YOUR* INTELLIGENCE, TOO.

DON'T YOU MOVE, FRED--

--OR...OR *WHATEVER* YOU ARE!

WHAT I *AM,* SHAGGY, IS YOUR BEST FRIEND. NOTHING HAS CHANGED THAT.

AND BE ASSURED THAT I POSE NO THREAT TO YOU. I'VE SURRENDERED. I'M AT YOUR MERCY.

IF YOU JUST GIVE ME A CHANCE TO EXPLAIN MYSELF--

YOU'RE OUT OF CHANCES, YOU NANITE BASTARD.

I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TWO T'STAY IN THE VAN!

OH PLEASE! AS IF *YOU* COULD EVER ORDER *US* AROUND!

HEY, IT WAS WORTH A TRY.

DAPHNE, WHY DID YOU CALL HIM A *"NANITE* BASTARD"?

BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT HE *IS!*

THE NANITES RESURRECTED HIM... SIMULATED HIS PERSONALITY.

THAT WOULD REQUIRE A LEVEL OF INTELLIGENCE AND WILL BEYOND WHAT THEY WERE PROGRAMMED FOR.

IF YOU WANT ANSWERS, THEN TAKE ME BACK TO THE MALL WITH YOU. STUDY ME.

WUP WUP WUP WUP

HELL, YOU CAN DISSECT ME IF YOU'D LIKE. YOU CAN'T HUR--

NOW WHAT?!

WUP WUP WUP WUP WUP WUP

WUP WUP WUP

WUP WUP WUP WUP

WUP WUP WUP WUP WUP

WUP WUP

WUP WUP WUP WUP WUP WUP

WUP WUP

DOOR ON THE COPTER'S OPENIN' UP! THEY'RE...THEY'RE COMIN' OUT!

GET READY FOR *COMBAT*, PEOPLE! WE COULD BE IN FOR--

OH MY GOD!

INVOKING THE *DEITY,* VELMA? I'M DISAPPOINTED.

AFTER ALL, OUR FAMILY HAS A LONG HISTORY OF MILITANT ATHEISM.

QUENTIN?

AND... AND IS THAT-- *RUFUS?!*

IT IS INDEED.

BUT NO NEED TO WORRY ABOUT OUR BULLYING BLOWHARD OF A BROTHER. HE'S BEEN FAR MORE DOCILE--

--SINCE HE WAS *BURNED ALIVE.*

I'D ASK HOW *YOU* ARE, SISTER--

--BUT SCRAPPY-DOO HAS BEEN REPORTING ON YOU REGULARLY, SO I ALREADY KNOW.

SCRAPPY...?

DON'T JUDGE HIM HARSHLY. HE WAS WORKING TO PROTECT YOU.

WHAT THE HELL IS THIS ABOUT?

I'LL TELL YOU EVERYTHING AFTER I--

B-TOOOM

--KILL YOUR BOYFRIEND.

AND *NOW--*

--WE CAN TALK.

DEEP SPACE! FINALLY, ENOUGH ROOM TO SHOW THE JUSTICE LEAGUE WHAT ATOM ANT CAN *REALLY* DO.

ATOM ANT in G'NORTWEST PASSAGE!

ISN'T THAT RIGHT, G'NORM?

IT'S *G'NORT.*

ISN'T THAT WHAT I SAID?

HEATH CORSON: writer

SO YOU'RE THE FAMOUS ITTY? COOL, COOL.

HAL JORDAN WAS RAVING ABOUT YOU AT THE LAST CORPS BOWLING TOURNAMENT.

GUS VAZQUEZ: art

DESTINATION DEAD AHEAD! THE PLANET WITH THE RADIOACTIVE ENERGY CLOUD, RIGHT, G'NORF?

G'NORT!

I AM NOT HEARING THE DIFFERENCE.

HI-FI: colors

BELOW IS KI'LAR. YOUR BASIC PRISTINE, PREHISTORIC PLANET.

THIS TRIAL WILL TEST YOUR *RESTRAINT* IN INFLUENCING LESS-ADVANCED SOCIETIES.

TRAVIS LANHAM: letters

UH, G'NORK?

NOT MY NAME.

BE THAT AS IT MAY, IT APPEARS THE INHABITANTS HAVE SPOTTED US.

LIZ ERICKSON: assistant editor

THAT'S NOT GOOD.

HARVEY RICHARDS: editor
JIM CHADWICK: group editor

AHHHHHHHHHH!

FEAR NOT, FRIEND ITTY. I'VE GOT YOU!

FELINES. *YELLOW* FELINES, EVEN. NOW I FEEL STUPID FOR NOT RESEARCHING THIS SECTOR.

GRRRRRRRR.

CAN WE DISCUSS THIS? I GOT SOME FIERCE LOWER LUMBAR ISSUES--

AW, ITTY, YOU KNOW I COULD ZIP DOWN THERE AND FLATTEN THOSE CREEPS IN AN INSTANT. BUT...

SIGH THAT'S THE DEFINITION OF INTERFERING, ISN'T IT?

YOU'RE RIGHT. WE'LL FOLLOW OUT OF SIGHT INSTEAD.

GRRROWL. SNARL.

HIGH PRIESTESS, WE HAVE BROUGHT YOU THE HONORED VISITOR.

O-KAY. THAT DOESN'T SOUND SO TERRIBLE.

CLEARLY THE CAT IN THE CAFTAN IS THEIR RELIGIOUS LEADER.

LET'S HOLD POSITION. MAYBE THEY JUST WANT TO OFFER HIM DINNER OR SOMETHING?

MRRRR-OW. *GROOOWL.*

FINALLY, OUR PRAYERS HAVE BEEN ANSWERED. WE WILL SACRIFICE THE HONORED VISITOR TO THE GREAT HAZE CLOUD!

THE WHO TO THE WHAT NOW?

MR-OW! MRRRRRR-OW!

THIS DEVICE WILL RAISE YOU TO MEET THE GREAT HAZE CLOUD.

NO, NO! NEGATIVO! THAT'S AN OCHRE RADIOACTIVE CLOUD UP THERE.

MY RING CAN'T PROTECT ME!

LET ME GO AND IT'S GREEN YARN BALLS ALL AROUND. WHADDYA SAY, GANG?

CREEEK

THIS IS NOT THE END, IT'S ONLY THE BEGINNING, FRIENDS!

I KNOW YOU'RE THERE. HIDING. I SENSE YOUR BRAVERY!

ITTY! ATOM ANT! ≠WHEW≠ I'M SAVED!

THIS IS *YOUR* TIME!

ARISE! FOLLOW ME AND SEIZE YOUR DUE.

TOGETHER WE CAN TRIUMPH. TOGETHER WE CAN WIN THE DAY.

THAT IS SOME WILDLY INSPIRATIONAL SPEECHIFYING, PALLY. BUT WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO?

OH, I'M NOT TALKING TO YOU. I'M ADDRESSING...

...*YOUR FLEAS!*

THE ALL-YOU-CAN-EAT SPACE-TIGER BUFFET IS OPEN. GET IN THERE AND DRINK UP, GUYS!

SCRITCH-A-SCRATCH

SCRITCH-A-SCRATCH

SCRATTCHETY

IT'S WORKING. KEEP AT IT!

WAIT...WHERE DID THE LITTLE GUY GO? HE ABANDONED US, ITTY. =COUGH. COUGH=

MERCY ME, MAMA! IS THIS HOW IT ENDS FOR THE RUNT OF YOUR LITTER?

ITTY? YOU'RE PHOTOSYNTHESIZING THE KILLER CLOUD!

I MEAN, IT MAKES SENSE PLANT-WISE. BUT HONESTLY, I DID *NOT* SEE THAT COMING.

ATTENTION! I, THE LIVING LEGEND ATOM ANT, APPEAR SOLELY TO DELIVER YOU SPACE TIGERS FROM THIS EPIDEMIC OF INFLAMMATION.

I COMMAND THE ITCHING TO END!

NICE WORK, GUYS. YOU CAN STOP NOW.

<WE ARE NOT ONLY MIRACULOUSLY FREE OF THAT INFERNAL ITCH, BUT THE GREAT HAZE HAS VANISHED!>*

<OUR MINDS ARE OUR OWN AGAIN. THE TINY INSECT FREED US!>

* TRANSLATED FROM THE KI'LAR TONGUE.--HR

THREE ROARS FOR OUR LIBERATOR: ATOM ANT!

ROAR!

ROAR!

ROARRRRR!

MRRR-OW A'TM UNT. PURRRR. RWOR.

THANKS TO ATOM ANT, WE CAN AGAIN NAP IN THE BEAMS OF OUR SUN.

NONSENSE! YOUR THANKS ARE THANKS--

ROWRRRRR.

AND SO, WE WISH TO REMEMBER YOU FOR GENERATIONS HENCE.

I'M GOING TO BE HONEST, I'M A LITTLE FLOORED YOU DID THAT SO QUICKLY.

THAT *DOES* SEEM LIKE AN APPROPRIATE ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF MY AWESOMENESS.

THIS IS THE *OPPOSITE* OF NOT INFLUENCING SOCIETIES. THE CORPS IS GONNA SMACK ME ON THE NOSE SOOO HARD.

YOU HAVE TO ADMIT... IT'S AN EXCELLENT LIKENESS.

GROAAAAN.

LOOK, I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU BOTH THE WIN HERE AND CALL IT A DRAW. AS LONG AS WE KEEP THE DEETS UNDER WRAPS. COOLIO?

WHATEVER YOU SAY, G'NORP!

IT'S *G'NORT!*

G'NO, THAT'S G'NOT IT...

CAN YOU GET US ALL IN THE SHOT? YOU CAN? YOU SURE?

WHOA.

ALL CLEAR, NO MONSTERS HERE!

OLIFFE
PALMER

EAST GREENBUSH, NEW YORK--WHERE THE SURPRISING APPEARANCE OF *QUENTIN AND RUFUS DINKLEY*...

...HAS TAKEN A VIOLENT TURN...

YOU KILLED HIM!

YOU KILLED FREDDY!

WE...WE JUST GOT HIM *BACK* AGAIN AND YOU--

I APPRECIATE THE OUTRAGE, *SHAGGY*--

--BUT IT'S NOT NECESSARY.

AS I EXPLAINED TO *DAPHNE* EARLIER... WHEN SHE SO ENTHUSIASTICALLY STABBED ME...I'VE ALREADY *BEEN* DEAD ONCE--

--AND AS LONG AS THE *NANITES* ARE ALIVE WITHIN ME--

--YOU CAN'T KILL ME *AGAIN.*

I TRIED TO TELL YOU ALL--

--THAT ISN'T FRED!

THAT'S SOME...THING-- PRETENDING TO *BE* FRED!

EXACTLY.

AND THAT'S WHY I SHOT HIM. A PICTURE, AS THEY SAY, IS WORTH A THOUSAND WORDS.

AND THIS WAS THE SUREST, SWIFTEST WAY TO BREAK YOUR EMOTIONAL ATTACHMENT--

--TO THE MAN HE ONCE *WAS.*

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING HERE, *QUENTIN?* AND WHERE THE HELL HAVE YOU BEEN?

WE'VE BEEN OUT HERE FOR YEARS NOW, STRUGGLING TO SURVIVE, WHILE YOU--

SIS...TER...!

GET AWAY FROM ME!

YOU HEARD HER, DUDE--*BACK OFF* BEFORE I--

WHAT DID =SOB= *RUFUS*--

--DO WRONG...? =WHIMPER=

DON'T CRY, BROTHER. YOU KNOW *VELMA'S* ALWAYS BEEN A TRIFLE COLD... EMOTIONALLY DETACHED.

SHE DOESN'T MEAN TO BE HURTFUL--SHE JUST CAN'T HELP IT.

YOU'RE COMING BACK TO THE MALL WITH US, *DINKLEY*--AND YOU'RE EXPLAINING ALL THIS!

THAT WAS MY INTENTION, *MS. BLAKE.* WEAPONS REALLY AREN'T NECESSARY.

I THINK THEY'RE *EXTREMELY* NECESSARY.

AND *YOU'RE* COMING, TOO!

GLADLY. IN CASE YOU'VE FORGOTTEN, JUST BEFORE THIS MANIAC BLEW MY HEAD OFF, I *SURRENDERED* TO YOU.

NOW PUT THE GUN DOWN, MY LOVE, AND--

STOP *CALLING* ME THAT!

YOU CAN DENY IT ALL YOU WANT--BUT I KNOW YOU STILL LOVE ME--

--AND *ALWAYS WILL.*

IS THIS, LIKE, AS WEIRD AS I THINK IT IS, *SCOOB?*

WEIRDER, *SHAGGY.*

"WEIRDER."

ALBANY...

HENRY HUDSON

I'M WORRIED, *KUMAR.*

WE'RE LIVING THROUGH THE FRICKIN' APOCALYPSE, *CASSIE.* YOU'D BE NUTS *NOT* TO WORRY!

IT'S MORE THAN THAT.

WHADDAYOU MEAN?

SCOOBY APOCALYPSE

THE BROTHERS DINKLEY!

J.M. DeMATTEIS: WRITER PAT OLLIFFE: PENCILS TOM PALMER: INKS
HI-FI: COLORS TRAVIS LANHAM: LETTERS LIZ ERICKSON: ASSISTANT EDITOR
HARVEY RICHARDS: EDITOR JIM CHADWICK: FOOTLOOSE AND FANCY-FREE
COVER BY OLLIFFE & PALMER

THE OTHERS GO OUT LOOKING FOR DAPHNE--AND COME BACK WITH THAT CREEPY *FRED JONES* LOOKALIKE--

--AND THOSE TWO OTHER WEIRDOS.

BIG ONE SMELLS LIKE A BURNT ROAST.

BUT WHAT *ABOUT* 'EM?

I GET THESE...*FEELINGS* SOMETIMES. GUESS YOU'D CALL 'EM INTUITIONS. AND THEY USUALLY COME TRUE.

GETTING ONE NOW, ARE YA?

YEAH. AND I'M TELLING YOU, KU--SOMETHING *REALLY BIG* HAS SHIFTED.

I...I CAN ALMOST TASTE IT IN THE AIR. IT'S LIKE--

"LIKE WHAT?"

"LIKE ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, THIS NIGHTMARE WE'VE BEEN LIVING THROUGH IS GONNA COME TO AN END.

"*REALLY SOON.*"

WELL...?

IT'S A...*LONG* STORY.

I'VE GOT NOTHING BUT TIME. NOW TELL ME EVERYTHING--

--STARTING WITH *HIM.*

WE SAW RUFUS *DIE*--INCINERATED IN A PYRE BY A HORDE OF CRAZED, FROTHING MONSTERS.

HOW CAN HE *POSSIBLY* BE HERE?

HOW CAN HE EVEN BE *ALIVE* IN THAT CONDITION?

ALIVE... ALIVE! RUFUS...IS ALIVE!

COULD YOU, LIKE, GET HIM T'WAIT OUTSIDE?

I DON'T MEAN T'BE RUDE--BUT HE *TOTALLY* CREEPS ME OUT.

AN' I'M, *UH*, KINDA GAGGIN' FROM THE STENCH.

YOU'LL ADJUST TO IT IN TIME. BUT FOR NOW--

WAIT IN THE HALL, RUFUS.

HALL? NO!

YES. YOU WILL WAIT QUIETLY, RIGHT OUTSIDE THIS DOOR--

--AND THERE'LL BE NO WANDERING OFF. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

BUT--

DO AS I SAY, BROTHER. WAIT OUT THERE TILL I CALL YOU.

=SIGH= ALL RIGHT.

RUFUS WILL WAIT.

"WELL, QUENTIN...?"

KLIK

"RUFUS MAY HAVE BEEN IN THAT PYRE WHEN YOU LAST SAW HIM-- BUT HE *WASN'T* INCINERATED.

HE MANAGED TO BREAK FREE OF THAT MONSTROUS MOB...SURVIVE HIS INJURIES--

--BECAUSE OF THE *VACCINE.*

LIKE...*WHAT* VACCINE?

THE ONE *THE COMPLEX* DEVELOPED--

"--TO COUNTERACT THE NANITE PLAGUE."

...YOU'RE LOOKING RATHER GLUM, *SCRAPPY-DOO.*

WHAT THE HELL D'YOU WANT, SCOOBERT?

COME T'TELL ME WHAT A MISERABLE *TRAITOR* I AM?

OF COURSE NOT.

I HAVE MORE FAITH IN YOU THAN THAT.

YOU...YOU *DO?*

I'VE ALWAYS LOOKED UP TO YOU, SCRAPPY. ALWAYS RESPECTED YOU.

BUT BACK AT THE COMPLEX, I WAS ALWAYS PICKIN' ON YOU...MAKIN' YOUR LIFE MISERABLE!

TRUE. BUT EVEN THEN I ADMIRED YOUR STRENGTH AND DETERMINATION--

--AND I SENSED THAT BENEATH THE ILL TEMPER AND BLUSTER--

--THERE WAS A GOOD AND DECENT SOUL. AND YOU'VE PROVED THAT TO ME...AGAIN AND AGAIN.

SO NO--I DON'T THINK YOU'RE A TRAITOR. WHATEVER YOUR INVOLVEMENT WITH QUENTIN DINKLEY--

--I BELIEVE IT WAS FOR THE GREATER GOOD.

YOU'RE A HELLUVA DOG, Y'KNOW THAT? A *HELLUVA* DOG.

TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED.

=SIGH= BACK IN WASHINGTON...WHEN I SAVED YOU AN' THE GANG FROM THAT MOB OF BEASTIES...YOU LEFT ME FOR DEAD--

"--AN' I DON'T BLAME YOU. I *SHOULD'VE* BEEN DEAD. BUT I CLAWED MY WAY OUT SOMEHOW.

"HID OUT DEEP IN THE WOODS, LICKING MY WOUNDS. AND THEN TRIED TO FIND YOU AND THE OTHERS.

"I WAS HURTIN'...BAD. BURNING UP WITH FEVER. AND MY IMPLANTS WERE FAILING. MY INTELLIGENCE WAS FADING.

"I WANDERED FOR WEEKS, DODGIN' MONSTERS, SCROUNGING FOR FOOD. FINALLY ENDED UP IN *SACRAMENTO,* OF ALL PLACES...DON'T ASK ME HOW--"

"--AND THAT'S WHERE THEY FOUND ME. THAT TOWN WAS SWARMING WITH THOSE THINGS. AND I JUST DIDN'T HAVE ANY STRENGTH LEFT--

"--T'FIGHT 'EM OFF.

"I WOULDA DIED, THEN AND THERE--

"--IF NOT FOR THE DRONE."

"DRONE?"

FRAKKAFRAKKAFRAKKA

"YEAH. CAME OUTTA NOWHERE--SWOOPING DOWN, OPENING FIRE ON THOSE BASTARDS.

"AN ANGEL SENT BY *GOD HIMSELF* COULDN'T'VE BEEN MORE BEAUTIFUL.

FRAKKAFRAKKAFRAKKAFRAKKA

"AND I *FOLLOWED* THAT METAL ANGEL--"

"--STRAIGHT TO PARADISE."

"THE COMPLEX?"

"FIGURED IT OUT, *HUH?* BUT THIS WAS A SECONDARY INSTALLATION. THEY CALLED IT *COMPLEX BETA.*

"I DON'T THINK EVEN DOC DINKLEY KNEW ABOUT IT.

"BUT HER *BROTHER* SURE DID."

"QUENTIN DINKLEY HEALED MY WOUNDS. REPAIRED MY FAILING IMPLANTS. TREATED ME WITH REAL KINDNESS--

"--SOMETHING THAT'S PRETTY DAMN RARE IN THIS WORLD.

"*YOU* KNOW HOW IT IS WHEN YOU'RE A DOG--

"--A HUMAN TREATS US RIGHT AND WE'RE GONNA STAY LOYAL--

"--TO THE *END*. AND DINKLEY... HE GAVE ME MY LIFE BACK.

"AND FOR THAT...WELL--

--HE'S GOT *MY* LOYALTY *FOREVER.*

I KNOW HE SEEMS KINDA ARROGANT...AN' I GUESS HE IS...BUT UNDERNEATH THAT?

HE'S AS GOOD AND DECENT A HUMAN AS I'VE EVER KNOWN.

AND WHEN HE SENT ME BACK HERE...ASKED ME TO REPORT ON WHAT YOU WERE ALL UP TO--

--HOW COULD I SAY NO?

BUT *WHY* DID HE SEND YOU, SCRAPPY? WHAT DOES HE *WANT?*

I THINK HE'S FOUND A WAY--

"--T'SAVE THE HUMAN RACE."

DAIS-EEE...!

DON'T RUN...FROM RUFUS!

TOK

TUNNK

G-G-GET AWAY...!

DAIS...EEE--

--RUFUS--

--LOVES YOU!

GOT 'IM, HOOP?

I'M TRYING-- BUT THIS SON OF A BITCH IS--

DAIS...EEE!!!

--STRONG!

RUFUS... STOP!

DO YOU *HEAR* ME? I SAID--

--STOP!

SORRY... QUENTY. RUFUS DIDN'T MEAN TO--

NO EXCUSES. YOU'VE BEEN *VERY* BAD.

YOU TWO IDIOTS WERE SUPPOSED TO *WATCH* HIM!

WE *WERE* WATCHING HIM!

THEN HE STARTED SNIFFIN' AROUND LIKE HE SMELLED SOMETHING--

--AND THEN HE JUST *TOOK OFF* AND--

HE'S ALIVE...OH MY *GOD*...HE'S ALIVE...HE'S ALIVE...!

DAISY...? ARE YOU--?

THE NIGHTMARE... IT WAS OVER. HE...HE WAS DEAD.

AND NOW HE'S BACK. AND IT'S--

IT'S GOING TO START ALL OVER AGAIN!

NO. NO IT WON'T. I *PROMISE* YOU.

HE CAN'T HURT YOU ANYMORE...CAN'T ABUSE YOU... THE WAY HE USED TO.

YOU DON'T *KNOW* THAT!

YEAH, I *DO.*

BEFORE... YOU WERE ALONE WITH HIM. BUT NOW-- YOU'VE GOT US.

YOU'VE GOT *ME,* DAISY. AND AS LONG AS I'M AROUND, YOU'LL BE SAFE.

I *SWEAR.*

DON'T LET ME GO, SHAGGY. PLEASE--

"--DON'T *EVER* LET ME GO."

I ASSURE YOU, DAPHNE-- THERE'S NO NEED FOR WEAPONS.

I'M NO THREAT TO ANY OF YOU.

YOU'RE A THREAT TO THE WHOLE DAMN PLANET.

NO. WHAT I AM--

--IS YOUR *TRUEST* LOVE--

--AND *HUMANITY'S* REDEEMER.

KRAAK

I HOPE THAT FELT GOOD.

OH, IT DID!

DENIAL, DENIAL, DENIAL. THAT'S BEEN YOUR M.O. AS LONG AS I'VE KNOWN YOU.

BUT I'VE ALWAYS BEEN ABLE TO SEE THROUGH THE FAÇADE--TO THE TRUTH OF YOUR HEART. AND I KNOW, DAPHNE BLAKE, THAT YOU STILL LO--

DAPHNE!

SOMETHING'S HAPPENING OUT THERE--WITH THE CREATURES!

BUT THERE ARE ALWAYS PACKS OF THEM WANDERING NEAR THE MALL--

IT'S DIFFERENT THIS TIME!

IT'S LIKE THEY'RE GATHERING WITH...WITH *INTELLIGENCE! PURPOSE!*

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

NOTHING.

I CAN ONLY CONTROL LIMITED GROUPS OF THOSE THINGS--AND I HAVE TO BE CLOSE TO THEM TO DO IT.

DON'T *LIE* TO ME, DAMMIT!

I'M NOT! I'M TELLING YOU THE--

OH NO.

OH NO--

--HE'S HERE!

HE'S HERE!

YOU'RE... YOU'RE *NOT* LYING, ARE YOU?

NO! I WISH I WERE!

THEN WHAT IS IT, FRED? *WHO'S* HERE?

HENRY HUDSON

"THE NANITE KING!"

HENRY

ATOM ANT in WHEN ATOMS COLLIDE

HEATH CORSON: writer
GUS VAZQUEZ: artist
HI-FI: colorist
TRAVIS LANHAM: letterer
LIZ ERICKSON: asst. editor
HARVEY RICHARDS: editor
JIM CHADWICK: group editor

I AM BORED TO TEARS!

I'M GOING TO LEVEL WITH YOU HERE, ITTY, BECAUSE EVEN THOUGH WE'RE COMPETITORS TO GET INTO THE JUSTICE LEAGUE, I *RESPECT* YOU. IN FACT, YOU MIGHT BE MY BEST FRIEND.

PLAYING IT CLOSE TO THE LEAVES, *HUH?* I ADMIRE THAT.

ME? I'M READY FOR SOME ACTION!

BECAUSE YOU KNOW THIS NEXT TRIAL IS GOING TO BE WITH SOMEONE BIG. LIKE, *BIG* BIG. BUT WHO?

AHEM DOWN HERE. I'M THE ATOM.

WELL, LOOK HOW CUTE *YOU* ARE, LITTLE FELLA. YOU CALL YOURSELF AN ATOM, TOO? WHAT AN ADORABLE TRIBUTE. I'M HONORED, ATOM HUMAN.

ACTUALLY, IT'S JUST *THE* ATOM.

=SNORT= WHATEVER YOU SAY, SHORTSTACK.

HE'S JUST SO CUTE AND TINY. MAYBE WE SHOULD CALL *YOU* ITTY, *EH*, ITTY?

DUDE, YOU'RE MAYBE AN INCH TALLER THAN ME.

DON'T FORGET THE ANTENNAE, PEEWEE.

WHATEVER... FOR THIS TRIAL, THE LEAGUE WANTS TO SEE HOW YOU BOTH DEAL WITH THE SMALL STUFF.

YOU GET ANY SMALLER, I'LL HAVE TO CARRY YOU IN MY POCKET.

GOOD ONE.

WELL, HOLD TIGHT. BECAUSE WE'RE ABOUT TO GET SMALL. LIKE, REALLY REALLY SMALL.

EVERYONE OKAY?

ULP...! ERK.

TAKE A BREATH. THE SUBATOMIC WORLD CAN BE DISORIENTING AT FIRST.

WHAT--? BUT--!

O-KAY. I'LL GIVE IT A WHIRL.

GREETINGS, BLOOD-RED GLOBULE!

RELAX. MICROSCOPIC LIFE IS BENIGN FOR THE MOST PART.

HEY, BUDDY. WHO'S A GOOD LITTLE PROTOZOAN?

OH. I JUST THOUGHT BECAUSE THERE WERE SO MANY OF THEM...

WHOA! NOT THAT ONE. THAT'S A WICKED MEAN VIRUS. YOU DO *NOT* WANT TO POKE IT.

THERE'S *WHAT* NOW?

AHHH!
STAY BACK. DON'T LET THEM TOUCH YOU!
IZZZZZZ
IT'S NO USE, THEY'RE SWARMING. GET OUT OF HERE. I'LL HOLD THEM OFF.
YOU HAVE TO GET CLEAR. THEY'VE SEIZED CONTROL OF MY ARMOR.
GET BEHIND ME, FRIEND ITTY.
ATOM ANT KNOWS JUST HOW TO HANDLE THIS...
WITH HIS FISTS!
ONE ATOMIC PUNCH WILL KNOCK THOSE VIRII CLEAN OFF OF YOU!
RUN! I CAN'T CONTROL IT.
NO! DON'T!
MISSED!
WHIFFF
ITTY!

I'LL SAVE YOU, FRIEND ITTY!

PWUFFFF!

WAIT! IT'S...=COUGH= =COUGH=...

...WORKING!

ITTY'S ANTIBACTERIAL EMISSION IS RELEASING THE VIRUS' HOLD ON MY--

I'M COMING, PAL!

NO, NO!

WHAM

LOOKS LIKE I NOT ONLY SAVED THE DAY, BUT KNOCKED US BACK TO FULL SIZE AS WELL.

NO NEED TO THANK ME, LITTLE FELLOW.

AND YOU CAN'T... BECAUSE YOU ARE OUT COLD.

UNHHH...

WELL SAID, ATOM HUMAN. I PROUDLY ACCEPT THE WIN! NOW... WHO'S NEXT?

THAT WOULD BE ME.

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU--BUT I ABSOLUTELY *ABHOR* VIOLENCE!

THE MOTHER OF THE WORLD WAS BORN INTO WEALTH. ARROGANCE. NEGLECT.

FROM A TENDER AGE SHE WAS LOOKED DOWN UPON. MADE TO FEEL LIKE AN OUTCAST. UTTERLY, UNBEARABLY...

...ALONE.

HER PAIN DROVE HER, A SINGULAR INTELLECT GUIDED HER AND SHE ACHIEVED MORE IN A FEW SHORT YEARS THAN MOST HUMANS ACHIEVE IN A LIFETIME.

BUT THE LONELINESS BROKE HER. SHATTERED HER INTO TINY PIECES.

AND THEN *THE FOUR* CAME: THE BROTHERS WHOSE APPROVAL, AND LOVE, SHE SO DESPERATELY CRAVED.

BUT IT WAS NOT LOVE THEY WERE SEEKING, IT WAS A USEFUL TOOL. SOMEONE WHO COULD JOIN THEIR CLANDESTINE ORGANIZATION-- THE SO-CALLED *COMPLEX*...

...AND MAKE THEIR DREAMS OF WORLD TRANSFORMATION A REALITY.

AND WHAT A *WRETCHED* REALITY IT WAS.

AN ENTIRE CIVILIZATION COLLAPSED IN A MATTER OF DAYS...

...AND THOSE THAT WERE FORTUNATE ENOUGH TO SURVIVE THE COLLAPSE WERE SOON CURSING THEIR FATE. THE APOCALYPSE THEY SO OFTEN SPOKE OF HAD FINALLY COME...

...AND IT WAS FAR WORSE THAN THEY COULD HAVE EVER IMAGINED.

BUT HOW DID THIS TRAGEDY COME TO PASS? SURELY THE MOTHER DID NOT FORESEE SUCH CONSEQUENCES. WHATEVER HER FLAWS--AND ALL HUMANS, EVEN THE MOTHER, ARE FATALLY FLAWED--HER INTENTIONS WERE GOOD.

TOO GOOD FOR THE UNWORTHY FOUR.

THE MOTHER JOINED THEM NONETHELESS. BUT IT WAS NOT THE WORLD SHE SOUGHT TO CHANGE, IT WAS HERSELF.

SHE FAILED AT THE LATTER TASK...

...BUT SUCCEEDED AT THE FORMER...

...CREATING A SWARM OF *NANITES*-- MICROSCOPIC ROBOTIC INSECTS...

...AND SEEDING THEM ACROSS THE PLANET.

THE STATED GOAL? TO ALTER HUMAN BEHAVIOR. TO TAMP DOWN THE VIOLENT URGES IN HUMANKIND AND MAGNIFY ITS SO-CALLED BETTER ANGELS.

WHAT THE MOTHER DID NOT KNOW WAS THAT HER BROTHERS HAD ALTERED HER PROGRAMMING--HOPING, INSTEAD, TO TRANSFORM THE WORLD POPULATION INTO EASILY MANIPULATED PUPPETS. BUT THE FOUR COULD NOT MATCH THE MOTHER'S GENIUS...

...AND THEIR ATTEMPT FAILED. INSTEAD OF SUPPRESSING SAVAGERY--THE COMPROMISED NANITES *MAGNIFIED* IT. AND THE MONSTERS ROSE, ALL ACROSS THE EARTH: THE GROTESQUE EMBODIMENT OF THE NIGHTMARES THAT LURKED IN THE DEEPEST WATERS OF MAN'S COLLECTIVE UNCONSCIOUS.

BUT THE MOTHER'S WORK TRANSCENDED EVEN THE FOUR'S FAILURE.

OVER TIME, HER NANITE CHILDREN BEGAN TO ACHIEVE *CONSCIOUSNESS*: SELF-REPLICATING, FORMING GOALS SEPARATE FROM THEIR INITIAL PROGRAMMING...

...THEY EVOLVED INTO A FIRST RUDIMENTARY, THEN PROGRESSIVELY MORE SOPHISTICATED, HIVE-MIND. AND THAT MIND...

...EVENTUALLY GAZED OUT UPON THE WORLD, SEEING THE CARNAGE IT HAD UNWITTINGLY UNLEASHED, AND KNEW THAT IT WAS THE EARTH'S ONLY HOPE...

...FOR SURVIVAL.

BUT JUST AS A HUMAN MIND CONTAINS CONFLICTING THOUGHTS, SO THE HIVE-MIND FORMED TWO CONTRADICTORY FACTIONS.

ONE, THE LARGER, BELIEVED THAT MAN WAS BEYOND REDEMPTION. THAT THE WORLD MUST BE *CLEANSED* OF THE HUMAN STAIN.

THE OTHER--SMALLER, BUT NO LESS DETERMINED--BELIEVED THAT A NEW AND BETTER WORLD COULD BE ACHIEVED THROUGH UNION WITH HUMANITY: A SYNTHESIS OF METAL AND FLESH.

THESE REDEEMERS HAVE TAKEN ROOT, TAKEN LIFE, WITHIN THE CORPSE OF *FREDERICK JONES*.

SCOOBY APOCALYPSE

The THING who would be KING!

J.M. DeMATTEIS: writer PAT OLLIFFE: pencils TOM PALMER: inks

HI-FI: colors TRAVIS LANHAM: letters LIZ ERICKSON: assistant editor

HARVEY RICHARDS: pondering the big questions JIM CHADWICK: pondering retirement

Cover by OLLIFFE & PALMER with HI-FI

HE HAS BECOME THEIR EMISSARY. THEIR HOPE FOR A NEW WORLD, POPULATED BY HUMAN-NANITE HYBRIDS.

HE WILL FAIL.

FOR *WE* STAND IN OPPOSITION TO HIM. WE WHOM YOU MAY CALL...

...THE NANITE KING.

AND IF WE HAVE OUR WAY--AND WE SURELY *WILL*--THIS DAY WILL MARK THE BEGINNING OF THE END FOR EVERY CREATURE OF FLESH UPON THIS PLANET.

AND THERE WILL BE PEACE, AT LAST, UPON THE TORTURED EARTH. AND THE WORLD WILL THRIVE...

...UNDER OUR COMMAND.

IT'S THE TRUTH! I *SWEAR* TO YOU!

THE KING...HE'S FAR MORE POWERFUL THAN THE NANITES THAT RESURRECTED ME...AND THE ONLY WAY WE CAN DEFEAT HIM--

--IS IF WE WORK TOGETHER!

WORK TOGETHER *HOW?* BY LETTING YOUR NANITES INFECT US? TURN US INTO--

--WHATEVER THE HELL *YOU* ARE?

IF WE DON'T-- HUMANKIND IS FINISHED!

DON'T YOU SEE, *DAPHNE?* IT'S OUR ONLY--

WHAT I *SEE* IS THAT WE'VE SURVIVED THIS LONG ON OUR OWN--

--AND WE SURE THE HELL DON'T NEED YOU AND YOUR INHUMAN MASTERS!

THAT, OF COURSE, IS ASSUMING WHAT YOU'VE JUST TOLD US IS EVEN TRUE!

IT IS!

KUMAR... CASSIE... WITH ME.

WE'VE GOT A *WAR* TO FIGHT.

"THERE'S A *CURE?*"

AND YOU *KEPT* IT FROM ME?

A FAIL-SAFE, IN CASE THINGS WENT WRONG.

"WRONG" IS TOO SMALL A WORD, *QUENTIN!* WHAT YOU DID...ALTERING MY PROGRAMMING--

I'M QUITE AWARE OF MY SINS, *VELMA.*

NO NEED TO REHASH THEM FOR ME. AS FOR THE *ANTIDOTE*--

IT WAS IN AN EARLY, EXPERIMENTAL STAGE. NO ONE KNEW IF IT WOULD EVEN WORK.

BUT *RUFUS*... WELL, YOU KNOW HOW HE IS. HE PUSHED, HE BULLIED, HE DEMANDED--

AND USED IT ON HIMSELF!

BUT *IT DIDN'T WORK!*

HE SURVIVED THE NANITE-PLAGUE, DIDN'T HE?

THE SERUM INCREASED HIS BODY'S ABILITY TO HEAL...THAT'S WHY HE DIDN'T DIE IN THAT PYRE--*

*IN *SCOOBY APOCALYPSE #13*--HARVEY

--BUT THAT'S *NOT* WHY RUFUS DIDN'T GET INFECTED BY THE PLAGUE. THAT--

--WAS JUST LUCK. LIKE ALL OF YOU, THERE WAS SOMETHING IN HIS BIOLOGY, SOME *NATURAL IMMUNITY*--

--THAT RESISTED INFECTION. BUT OUR "CURE" WAS DESTROYING HIM FROM THE START.

DAISY--YOU SAW IT: HOW HE BECAME ERRATIC, UNSTABLE. HOW HIS MIND DETERIORATED.

THAT'S WHY HE WAS...?

OH, THE POOR MAN.

"POOR MAN"? HE DID IT TO HIMSELF!

RUFUS...HE WAS *ALWAYS* A MONSTER--FROM THE TIME WE WERE CHILDREN! BUT YOU MARRIED HIM ANYWAY!

WHAT DOES THAT SAY ABOUT *YOU,* DAISY? WHAT DOES--

KLANG-LANG-LANG

WE'RE UNDER ATTACK!

YOU, LIKE, SURE THAT'S NOT THE DINNER BELL?

IF IT IS, *SHAGGY*--

"--THEN *WE'RE* THE DINNER!"

GO! DO WHAT YOUR KIND DOES BEST--

DESTROY!

AND WHEN WE'RE DONE HERE, WE WILL BRING THIS CLEANSING TO EVERY REMAINING HUMAN ENCLAVE ON THE PLANET.

AND WHEN THEY HAVE ALL BEEN ANNIHILATED--THESE ONCE-HUMANS, THESE INSATIABLE MONSTERS WILL BE TERMINATED AS WELL. AND *THEN?*

THE PLANT LIFE WILL REMAIN. THE BIRDS OF THE AIR. THE FISH OF THE SEA. THE BEASTS OF THE LAND. BUT MAN...

...WILL BE NO MORE.

HOLY #$%@--

KAASHHH

--THEY'RE EVERYWHERE!

DAISY! THE *EXPLOSIVES* YOU CONCEALED ON THE UPPER LEVELS--DO YOU HAVE THE DETONATOR?

OF COURSE! I ALWAYS KEEP IT WITH ME!

THEN SET THEM OFF!

BUT OUR PEOPLE UP THERE--

ARE *DEAD!* WE HAVE TO SAVE THE REST! NOW--

"--SET THEM OFF!"

TAKA-TOOM

TAKA-TOOM

TAKA-TOOOM

NOW COME ON!

WE'VE GOT TO REACH THE ARMORY BEFORE--

GROWWWWRRRRR!

WE ARE *TOTALLY* SCREWED.

NOT YET!

LOOK!

BUDDA-BUDDA-BUDDA-BUDDA

DIE, YOU SONS OF BITCHES!

JUST

FREAKIN'

BUDDA-BUDDA-BUDDA

DIE!

BUDDA-BUDDA-BUDDA

THIS IS IT! WE'RE ALL GOING TO D--

STAY--

--AWAY--

--FROM--

OH MY GOD!

--DAIS...EEE!

RUNCHH

RUFUS...?

ALWAYS... PROTECT YOU.

I...I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO--

DON'T JUST *STAND* THERE, DAISY!

GRAB A WEAPON AND GET YOUR ASS *OVER* HERE!

BUDDA-BUDDA-BUDDA-BUDDA

WHAT'S THE POINT? NO MATTER HOW MANY WE KILL--

--THEY'LL KEEP COMING! THERE'S NO WAY WE CAN--

HMMMMMMMMMMM

HUMMMMM

MMMMMM

MMMMMM

MMMMMM

YOU... AND YOUR NANITES... YOU *SAVED* US.

DON'T THANK ME TILL WE'RE OUT OF THIS.

AND I *WILL* GET US OUT OF THIS, DAPH. I PROMISE.

NO.

WE'LL DO IT *TOGETHER.* RIGHT, *SCOOBY?*

INDUBITABLY!

BUT WE'LL NEED A PLAN OF ACTION.

SCRAPPY-DOO'S RIGHT! WE'VE GOT TO--

TOOM TOOM TOOM TOOM

NOW WHAT?

THE WHOLE DAMN MALL IS STARTING TO CRACK AND CRUMBLE AROUND US!

BUT WHAT CAN BE CAUSING IT?

IT'S *HIM!*

"THE NANITE KING!"

HENRY HUDSON

TOOM TOOM TOOM

IN ONE OF THEIR HOLY BOOKS, THE HUMAN POETS WROTE OF THE FALL OF MAN.

BUT THAT WAS A MYTH. A FANTASY.

TOOM

TODAY...

...THE *TRUE* FALL...

KRR

HEA

UDNR

OOM

...BEGINS.

ATOM ANT, ITTY, WELCOME TO THE FORTRESS OF SOLITUDE.

OR, AND I'M JUST SAYING...

BIT SPARTAN, ISN'T IT, SUPES?

NEEDS A THROW RUG TO WARM UP THE PLACE. MAYBE A COAT OF PAINT. OR, AND I'M JUST SAYING WHAT WE'RE ALL THINKING... *FURNITURE?*

I'LL...TAKE THAT UNDER ADVISEMENT.

BUT FIRST, LET'S DO SOMETHING A BIT DIFFERENT FOR YOUR NEXT TRIAL. SOMETHING FUN.

YESSS! EATING CONTEST, RIGHT?

FAIR WARNING, FRIEND ITTY, I CAN EAT FOUR HUNDRED TIMES MY OWN WEIGHT.

ACTUALLY, I WAS THINKING MORE LIKE A GAME OF *TAG.*

TAG? =SNORT= WE'RE GOING TO PLAY TAG AGAINST YOU?

OH, NOT JUST ME. YOU'LL BE UP AGAINST...

...THE LEGION OF SUPER-PETS!

COMET

KRYPTO

STREAKY

BEPPO

ATOM ANT in *SUPERMANT!*

HEATH CORSON: script
GUS VAZQUEZ: art
HI-FI: colors
TRAVIS LANHAM: letters
LIZ ERICKSON: asst. editor
HARVEY RICHARDS: editor
JIM CHADWICK: group editor

HEY THERE, FOLKS. IT'S A REAL PLEASURE TO--

OUCH. SUPER-COLD SHOULDER, *HUH?*

MUST BE THE LANGUAGE BARRIER.

LET ME JUST ADJUST THE OLD ANTENNAE HERE.

EEEEEP

WOOF MEOW

LET'S MAKE THIS QUICK, CANINE. I SIMPLY WILL NOT MISS MY NAP ON THE SUN.

DON'T WORRY. THAT STRANGE ANT CREATURE STINKS OF DAMP EARTH AND OVERENTHUSIASM.

HI THERE!

YOU CAN COMPREHEND US?

SURE. NOW THAT I'VE TUNED INTO YOUR WAVELENGTH.

YOU'LL NEVER BEST US ALL, STRANGE ANT CREATURE.

ALL RIGHT, ITTY, ATOM ANT, THE GAME IS TAG. ANYONE WITH AN S SHIELD IS "IT."

WHOEVER IS TAGGED THE MOST LOSES THE GAME.

READY? SET...

GO!

INTERESTING.

IZZIP ZOOM WHOOSH

MOVE IT, GANG! WE GOT HIM!

THINK SO?

=HUMPH= THE INSECT'S NOT BAD.

=PANT PANT= I SEE HIM!

THIS WAY! THIS WAY!

SO CLOSE. I CAN REACH HIM WITH MY SUPER-TONGUE!

HA *HA*, INSECT! YOU'RE *IT*.

WAIT, WHAT?

TAG BACK!

LET GO, YOU TINY PEST!

CAREFUL, PALLY.

I SAID: *LET GO!*

BOOM

WHIZZZZZZ

MAYDAY, MAYDAY! WE'VE LOST AN ENGINE. LOSING ALTITUDE.

GASP

TIME OUT!

NO SUCH THING.

I DON'T CARE. I'VE GOT TO HELP THOSE PEOPLE.

UNNNGHH

COME ON, LEVERAGE. COME ON!

IT'S... WORKING?

OH. THANKS FOR THE ASSIST, GANG.

I'M PROUD OF YOU ALL. IT TOOK SWIFT, COHESIVE TEAMWORK TO SAVE THAT PLANE.

UNFORTUNATELY, WE STILL HAVE TO PICK A WINNER.

LOOKS LIKE ATOM ANT WAS ONLY TAGGED ONCE. NICE WORK, ATOM ANT.

BUT ITTY WASN'T TAGGED AT ALL.

OH, THERE YOU ARE, ITTY. WELL DONE.

THIS ROUND BELONGS TO ITTY.

TOUGH BREAK, MIGHTY MITE.

SORRY.

NEIGH, I SAY!

MAYBE DON A RED CAPE AND BE SUPER-ANT?

THANKS, GANG. BUT I THINK I NEED TO SEE THIS ONE THROUGH.

HOW ABOUT ANOTHER GAME THOUGH? I'LL BE IT THIS TIME.

GET. DOWN.

HENRY HUDSON 1ALL

CJ Nicol

EARS

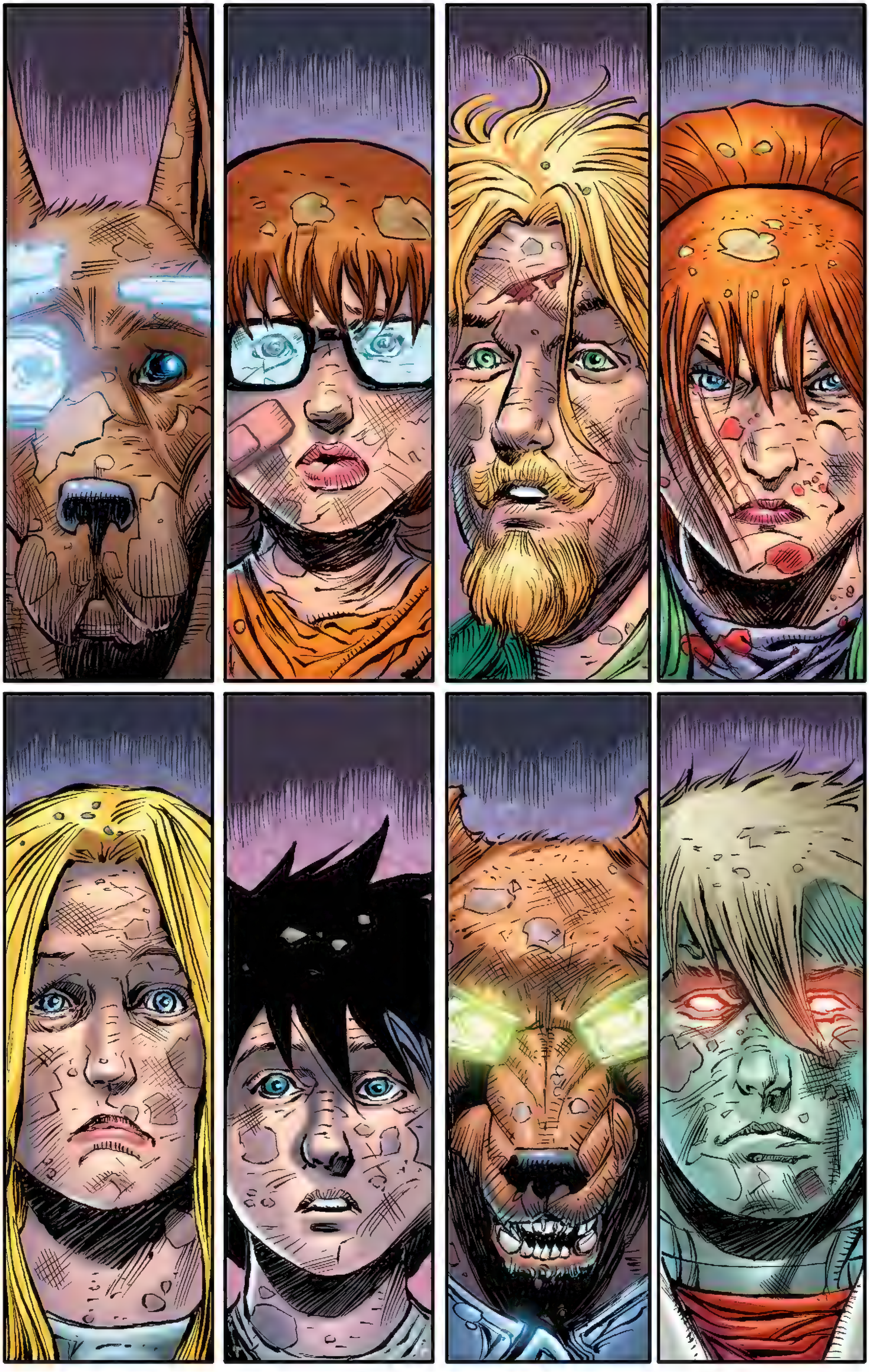
OLLIFFE PALMER HI*FI

HENRY HUDSON HALL

CJ Nickol

EARS

OLIFFE PALMER H*H



ALBANY, NEW YORK. IN THE SEWERS BENEATH THE REMAINS OF THE HENRY HUDSON MALL...

HOW THE HELL DID THIS HAPPEN?

THE END IS NEAR!

IT'S THE PENULTIMATE ADVENTURE OF THE SCOOBY GANG, COURTESY OF--

J.M. DeMATTEIS: WRITER
PAT OLLIFFE: PENCILS
TOM PALMER: INKS

HI-FI: COLORS TRAVIS LANHAM: LETTERS
LIZ ERICKSON: KAHUNA
HARVEY RICHARDS: BIG KAHUNA
JIM CHADWICK: BIGGER KAHUNA
COVER BY OLLIFFE & PALMER

THE COMPOUND DESTROYED. DOZENS DEAD.

ALL BECAUSE OF THAT...THING. THE *NANITE KING.* I SWEAR TO *GOD*--

--THAT BASTARD IS GOING TO *PAY* FOR WHAT HE'S DONE TO US!

WE CAN WORRY ABOUT REVENGE LATER, *DAPHNE.* RIGHT NOW OUR MAIN FOCUS--

--HAS TO BE ON SURVIVAL.

FRED'S RIGHT. THERE COULD BE OTHERS WHO MADE IT DOWN HERE BEFORE THE COLLAPSE. I THINK I SAW THE *KUBELSKYS* HEADING AFTER US WHEN--

WHAT?

THEY'RE GONE, *VELMA.*

ONE OF THE CREATURES GOT HOLD OF *JACK*... TORE HIM APART. AND *GRACE*--

--SHE DIED TRYING TO SAVE HIM.

WH-WHAT ABOUT *KUMAR?* HE WAS WITH YOU WHEN--

DAMN.

NO.

HOW'S *CLIFFY?*

STILL IN SHOCK. AN' I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO--

HANG ON! YOU, LIKE, SEE THAT? UP AHEAD?

SOMEONE'S *COMIN'!*

MORE OF THOSE DAMN MONSTERS--

NO! IT'S *QUENTIN*...AND *RUFUS*--

--AN' FIVE OR SIX MORE!

WE'RE NOT THE ONLY ONES WHO GOT OUT!

VELMA! OH, VELMA, I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD!

I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD.

I'VE LOST *ENOUGH* FAMILY TO THIS NANITE HOLOCAUST.

I CAN'T LOSE *YOU, TOO.*

WHY... *UM...* THANK YOU, QUENTIN.

THAT'S MOST... HEARTENING TO HEAR.

WHAT SHE'S TRYIN' T'SAY, DUDE, IS THAT SHE LOVES YOU, *TOO.*

THANKS FOR THE TRANSLATION, *SHAGGY.*

DOES ANYONE KNOW WHICH WAY IS OUT?

I GOT INTO THE MALL THROUGH THESE TUNNELS MONTHS AGO-- AN' I CAN LEAD US BACK TO THE SURFACE.

THE PROBLEM IS, *SCRAPPY--*

--THAT WE DON'T KNOW WHAT AWAITS US WHEN WE *GET* THERE.

ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT, *SCOOB.*

YOU ALL GO FIRST. I'LL LIGHT THE WAY.

THANK YOU, FRED.

FOR *GOD'S SAKE--*

--WHEN ARE YOU ALL GOING TO GET IT THROUGH YOUR HEADS THAT *THAT ISN'T FRED?!*

THAT'S SOME *NANITE-INFESTED ZOMBIE* WHO--

HENRY
HUDSON
MALL

SO WE'RE... WE'RE THE ONLY ONES LEFT?

IT APPEARS SO, *DAISY.*

DEAR GOD.

I, LIKE, THOUGHT YOU WERE AN ATHEIST, BABE.

NOT THE TIME, SHAGGY.

NO--

--I GUESS IT'S NOT.

MYSTER ACHINE

STRANGE--

--I ALMOST FEEL AS IF--

--I'VE LOST A *FRIEND.*

STOP *DOING* THAT!

WHAT?

ACTING AS IF YOU'RE HUMAN! AS IF YOU'RE *HIM!*

I FOUGHT BESIDE YOU. DID EVERYTHING IN MY POWER TO SAVE YOU ALL. AND YOU *STILL* DON'T BELIEVE I'M--?

NO.

--AND I NEVER WILL.

THE GOOD NEWS IS THAT THE NANITE KING AND HIS ARMY--

--THE ONES THAT *SURVIVED*--

--SEEM TO HAVE TAKEN OFF.

GUESS THERE WAS NO REASON T'STICK AROUND.

HE *WON,* RIGHT?

LET HIM GO ON THINKING THAT.

WHAT DO YOU--?

WHAT *IS* THAT?

RUMMMMMM

MMMMMMMMMMMM

FOOOSSHH

HOPE.

NOW *GET BACK!*

GIVE HIM ROOM TO LAND!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND, QUENTIN! HOW DID--?

I SIGNALED THEM WHEN THE KING ATTACKED. I ONLY WISH--

--THEY COULD HAVE GOTTEN HERE SOONER.

"THEY"?

THE COMPLEX.

NO. THERE'S A SMALL--BUT HARDY--GROUP ENSCONCED THERE.

YOU WEREN'T THE ONLY ONE LEFT IN THE SACRAMENTO COMPOUND?

MY COMING TO ALBANY WAS JUST A PRELUDE TO BRINGING YOU ALL BACK WITH ME. UNFORTUNATELY THAT ARMY OF MONSTERS INTERRUPTED MY PLAN.

WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL US?

I WASN'T CERTAIN WHAT I WOULD FIND HERE...HOW I WOULD BE WELCOMED.

THE SUSPICIOUS DINKLEY NATURE DIES HARD, I SUPPOSE.

BUT THEY'RE HERE NOW, THAT'S THE IMPORTANT THING. AND GIVEN THAT *COMPLEX BETA* IS FAR MORE SECURE THAN YOUR MALL EVER WAS--

--OUR CHANCES OF SURVIVAL HAVE JUST IMPROVED IMMEASURABLY.

IF WE GET THERE.

THE NANITE KING COULD BE WATCHING US RIGHT NOW, PREPARING ANOTHER ATTACK.

ALL THE MORE REASON TO MAKE OUR ESCAPE--

--AS SWIFTLY AS POSSIBLE.

WHERE THE HELL D'YOU THINK *YOU'RE* GOING?

IT'S OKAY, SCRAP--LET HIM THROUGH!

"LET HIM THROUGH"?

BUT YOU KEEP SAYIN' THAT THIS AIN'T JONES! THAT--

WHATEVER HE IS, THE NANITES EMBEDDED WITHIN HIM AREN'T ALIGNED WITH THE KING.

WE NEED HIS KNOWLEDGE OF THE ENEMY...HIS POWER...IF WE'RE GOING TO SURVIVE THIS. NOW COME ON--

"--IT'S TIME TO GO."

NOOOOO!

LEMME GO! *LEMME GO!*

LEMME GO!

CLIFFY-- IT'S *ME!* IT'S *SHAGGY!*

NONO NONO NO!

EASE UP, LITTLE DUDE! THE MONSTERS AREN'T HERE!

YOU'RE SAFE!

NO!

CLIFFY!

IT'S ALL RIGHT, SWEETHEART!

I'VE GOT YOU.

AND I WON'T *EVER* LET GO.

DAISY...?

I'M RIGHT HERE.

I W-W-WANT IT TO STOP, DAISY. *PLEASE--*

--MAKE THE MONSTERS GO AWAY.

"THEY ARE LIKE INSECTS THAT HAVE BEEN GROUND UNDERFOOT AND YET STILL, SOMEHOW--"

TAKAMOTO WEB DESIGN

--MANAGE TO CRAWL AWAY.

KINGSTON, NEW YORK.

BUT THEY ARE BROKEN. MOURNING THEIR FALLEN COMRADES. TERRIFIED OF WHAT THE FUTURE WILL BRING.

WE WILL LET THEM SIMMER IN THEIR PAIN AND UNCERTAINTY FOR A WHILE LONGER.

AND THEN ERADICATE THEM--ONCE AND FOR ALL?

PRECISELY.

AND THEN WE WILL SPREAD ACROSS THE GLOBE, EXTERMINATING ALL REMAINING POCKETS OF HUMANITY. AND *THEN*--

--ONLY WE SHALL REMAIN.

AND THE *NANITE KING* WILL RULE OVER A DOCILE, ORDERED EARTH.

AND THERE WILL BE PEACE. AND ORDER. WHICH, OF COURSE--

--IS WHAT THE HUMANS DESIRED ALL ALONG.

THUS, IN ERASING HUMANKIND, WE WILL HAVE SERVED ITS HIGHEST INTERESTS.

AND WHAT OF THESE BEASTS THAT WE HAVE BENT TO OUR WILL?

THEY WERE EFFICIENT WEAPONS TO USE AGAINST THE ALBANY ENCAMPMENT. BUT THERE ARE MANY MORE WEAPONS AT OUR DISPOSAL.

AND-- DESPITE THEIR PLAGUE-INDUCED MUTATIONS--

--THEY *ARE* HUMAN, AFTER ALL.

WHICH MEANS THAT THEY, TOO--

HUMMMM

MMMM

--MUST BE ERADICATED.

AGAIN WE ARE ONE. YET ALWAYS MANY.

KING AND COURT, SUBJECTS AND NATION.

ALL THAT AND MORE--WE ARE.

SO, ONE AND MANY, WE RISE.

AND MAKE OUR WAY ACROSS THIS DYING LAND.

FOR THERE IS ONE LAST TASK WE MUST COMPLETE--

"--BEFORE THE *FINAL* SLAUGHTER."

THIS IS AMAZING!

IT'S EVEN MORE IMPRESSIVE THAN THE LABORATORY I HAD IN THE *NEVADA* COMPLEX!

WE *HAVE* MADE SUBSTANTIAL IMPROVEMENTS. "EVER UPWARD," AS FATHER USED TO SAY.

DO YOU REALIZE WHAT THIS MEANS? AFTER ALL THESE YEARS OUT THERE IN THE WASTELANDS--

--I FINALLY HAVE THE TOOLS TO MAKE THINGS RIGHT! TO FINALLY PUT AN END TO THIS DAMN APOCALYPSE!

BUT YOU'VE TOLD ME, OVER AND OVER, THAT THERE WAS *NO WAY* TO PURGE THE NANITES AND REVERSE THE PLAGUE--

THERE *WASN'T*--

--BECAUSE I DIDN'T HAVE ACCESS TO RESOURCES LIKE *THIS!*

QUENTIN-- I'LL NEED TO STUDY THE FAILED VACCINE YOU DEVELOPED--

PARDON MY SKEPTICISM, VELMA-- BUT MY SCIENTISTS HAVE BEEN WORKING ON A CURE FOR YEARS NOW--

--AND TIME AND AGAIN, THEY'VE *FAILED.*

AT THE RISK OF SOUNDING ARROGANT, YOUR SCIENTISTS--

--AREN'T *ME!*

WE'VE, LIKE, GONE DAYS WITHOUT SLEEP, BABE.

MAYBE WE SHOULD TURN IN AN' GET A FRESH START IN THE MORNI--

MAYBE *YOU* SHOULD GO CHECK ON DAISY AND CLIFFY--

--AND LET ME DO MY DAMN JOB!

DO YOU THINK WE SHOULD...?

LET HER FOCUS ON THE TASK AT HAND. OUR LIVES...*EVERY LIFE ON EARTH*... DEPENDS ON IT.

SHAGGY-- ARE YOU *ALL RIGHT?*

NO.

SHE DIDN'T MEAN IT.

I THINK SHE DID.

AN' MAYBE IT'S MY FAULT. MAYBE I *HAVE* BEEN PAYIN' TOO MUCH ATTENTION T'DAISY.

SINCE RUFUS RETURNED, DAISY HAS BEEN UNDERSTANDABLY RATTLED.

GIVEN THE CIRCUMSTANCES, YOUR COMPASSIONATE RESPONSE IS ADMIRABLE, ***UNLESS--***

--IT'S SOMETHING ***MORE*** THAN COMPASSION.

SURE, I ONCE HAD A THING FOR DAISY--BUT THAT WAS, LIKE, A LONG TIME AGO.

I ***LOVE*** VELMA. SHE'S ***EVERYTHING*** TO ME. AN' I'D NEVER DO ANYTHING T'HURT HER. IN ANY WAY.

I KNOW THAT.

I JUST WANTED TO MAKE SURE *YOU* KNEW.

NOW, I BELIEVE QUENTIN MENTIONED THAT THERE'S A FULLY STOCKED CAFETERIA HERE--

--AND I, FOR ONE, AM RAVENOUS!

ALL RIGHT! SCOOBY-DOO AND SHAGGY ROGERS CHOWIN' DOWN TOGETHER-- JUST LIKE THE OLD DAYS!

Y'THINK THEY HAVE PIZZA?

"ONE CAN ONLY HOPE."

KLANK

SHAGGY...?

OH, SHAGGY, I'M SO SORRY THAT I--

YOU DO NOT NEED HIM. YOU DO NOT NEED ANY OF THEM. YOU ONLY NEED *US*--

--MOTHER.

ATOM ANT, ITTY, THIS WILL BE YOUR FINAL TRIAL.

ROOOOOAR

SECRECY IS PARAMOUNT.

I'M SURE YOU UNDERSTAND.

OF COURSE. WE'RE BOTH BLIND AS A BATMAN OVER HERE.

I KNOW. BUT I DON'T *HAVE* THE HEART TO TELL THE POOR GUY I CAN SEE THROUGH THIS BLINDFOLD WITH MY ATOMIC VISION AND YOU DON'T HAVE EYES. LET THE KID HAVE HIS FUN.

WELCOME TO THE CAVE.

HOO BOY! LOOK AT THIS PLACE...

QUITE THE MAN CAVE--

*BAT*CAVE.

--YOU'VE GOT DOWN HERE, BATS.

COME ON.

IN GOD WE TRUST

LIBERTY

19

ATOM ANT in *IN THE BELFRY*

HEATH CORSON: script
GUS VAZQUEZ: art
HI-FI: colors
TRAVIS LANHAM: letters
LIZ ERICKSON: asst. editor
HARVEY RICHARDS: editor
JIM CHADWICK: group editor

WOW! YOU HAVE GOT *A LOT* OF WEIRDO CRAPOLA.

LOOK AT THAT, ITTY. WHO NEEDS A CARD THAT BIG? AND WHERE ARE THE OTHER FIFTY-TWO?

JOKER

JOKER

NO, I'M SERIOUS. THEY'RE GOING TO DO A SUPERHERO EDITION OF *HOARDERS* DOWN HERE.

UH-OH.

JOKER

JOKER

UM... BATS!

I THINK YOU'RE DOWN ANOTHER ROBIN.

GOOD. YOU FOUND YOUR TRIAL.

WAIT... WHAT'S THE TRIAL?

...IT'S ON THE TWO OF YOU TO FIGURE OUT...

...WHO KILLED ROBIN.

WELL... YOU DID. MYSTERY SOLVED.

HOW DID I LET SUPERMAN TALK ME INTO THIS...?

"CRAFT A MYSTERY FOR AN ANT AND A PLANT," HE SAYS.

"LET'S SEE WHO DESERVES TO BE IN THE JUSTICE LEAGUE," HE SAYS.

WHAT AM I DOING? I'M THE DAMN BATMAN.

SHOOOOOKAH SHOOOOOOKAH

JUST WANT TO SAY: NAILED IT!

NO! NO, YOU DIDN'T. ROBIN IS STILL--

FATHER...? APOLOGIES. BUT THE PLANT DREW THE CHEMICAL COMPOUND OUT OF MY SYSTEM.

SEE? HE'S FINE.

THAT *WASN'T* THE TRIAL.

WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME? *HE'S* THE ONE NOT EVEN DEAD ANYMORE.

BUT...FOR THE RECORD, I SOLVED IT *BEFORE* HE CAME BACK.

NO. YOU DID *NOT.*

AGREE TO DISAGREE ON THAT.

NO.

YOU KNOW WHAT? LET'S FLIP A COIN. YOU'VE GOT ONE RIGHT HERE.

SNAP SNAP

IN GOD WE TRUST

LIBERTY

1947

DON'T TOUCH THAT!

DON'T WORRY. I GOT IT. I *GOT* IT!

CALL IT IN THE AIR.

KLONG

UH-OH!

DON'T WORRY, IT'LL JUST MISS--

SKREEEETCH

--THE CAR.

OKAY, THAT WAS AN HONEST MISTAKE. YOU CAN BUFF THAT OUT.

PLUS, I DIDN'T HEAR YOU CALL IT IN THE AIR.

SO... SHOULD I FLIP IT AGAIN?

ZZZIP

GET. OUT!

FAIR ENOUGH.

ZIP

BUT...WE ALL AGREE I WON THIS ONE, RIGHT?

NOW!

"MAYBE ONE OF THEM WILL SURPRISE YOU," HE SAYS...

I'LL COLLECT THE CHAMOIS, FATHER.

WORLD'S GREATEST DETECTIVE. NOT MUCH OF A MYSTERY IF YOU ASK ME. RIGHT, ITTY?

OLLIFFE
PALMER

OLLIFFE
PALMER

COMPLEX BETA, SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA.

"...SO MOST OF THEM ARE DEAD?"

"YEAH. FROM WHAT I HEARD, THE NANITE ATTACK JUST TORE THAT ALBANY MALL T'PIECES."

TAKAMOTO WEB DESIGN

JUST DUMB LUCK THAT *DINKLEY* AND HIS SISTER GOT THEIR GROUP OUT IN ONE PIECE.

AND NOW WHAT? WE JUST STAND AROUND AND WAIT FOR THE NANITES TO COME FOR *US?*

THE SISTER...WHAT'S HER NAME? *VELMA?* SHE'S SUPPOSED T'BE SOME SUPER-GENIUS--

--AND SHE'S WORKING AWAY ON...WELL, I'M NOT SURE WHAT IT IS, BUT I HOPE T'*GOD* THAT IT--

HOLY--!

D-D-D-D--

IT'S DINKLEY'S BROTHER! OR WHAT'S *LEFT* OF HIM!

BETTER CALL THIS IN BEFORE--

I'M *ON* IT!

EASY. EASY.

WE'LL HAVE A MEDICAL TEAM HERE ASAP AND--

D-D-D-D--

DAIS...EEE...

"WH-WHAT DO YOU WANT?"

SCOOBY APOCALYPSE

THE *NANITE KING* HAS COME, MOTHER--

--TO OFFER YOU A GREAT GIFT.

I AM NOT YOUR MOTHER!

THE *END* IS HERE!

IT'S THE SCOOBY GANG'S GRAND FINALE, COURTESY OF...

J.M. DeMATTEIS: WRITER
PAT OLLIFFE: PENCILS
TOM PALMER: INKS

HI-FI: COLORS **TRAVIS LANHAM:** LETTERS **LIZ ERICKSON:** ASST. EDITOR
HARVEY RICHARDS: EDITOR SUPREME **JIM CHADWICK:** IMMENSELY RELIEVED
COVER BY **OLLIFFE & PALMER** WITH **HI-FI**

ARE YOU, *VELMA DINKLEY,* NOT THE MOTHER OF ALL NANITES? WAS IT NOT YOU WHO BIRTHED US?

GAVE US LIFE?

I...I WAS TRYING TO BRING *PEACE* TO THE WORLD--

--NOT CREATE *MONSTERS!*

AND THAT PEACE WILL SURELY COME. AND IT WILL BE GLORIOUS.

WELL, IF YOU REALLY THINK I'M YOUR MOTHER, HOW ABOUT TREATING ME WITH A MODICUM OF RESPECT--

--AND *PUTTING ME DOWN?*

FORGIVE OUR...ENTHUSIASM. WE MEANT NO HARM.

NO HARM? DO YOU KNOW HOW MANY PEOPLE YOU MURDERED BACK IN ALBANY? PEOPLE I CARED ABOUT! PEOPLE WHO--

THEY WERE HUMAN AND WE COULD NOT SUFFER THEM TO LIVE.

WHY?

YOUR SPECIES IS THE SOLE IMPEDIMENT TO THE GLOBAL PARADISE YOU SOUGHT TO BRING ABOUT WITH OUR CREATION.

SOON ALL THE *REMAINING* HUMANS ON THE PLANET WILL BE ERADICATED AS WELL AND--

WAIT! THERE ARE *OTHERS* LIKE US? IN OTHER *COUNTRIES?*

THERE ARE ROUGHLY FIVE THOUSAND OF YOUR KIND WHO SHARE YOUR NATURAL IMMUNITY TO THE NANITE PLAGUE.

FIVE THOUSAND INSECTS--

--THAT WILL SOON BE GROUND UNDER OUR BOOTHEELS.

YOU SOUND BLOODTHIRSTY. A VERY HUMAN TRAIT.

WE ARE BEYOND EMOTION AS YOU UNDERSTAND IT--

--BUT MIMICKING THESE QUALITIES SEEMS TO ENHANCE COMMUNICATION WITH YOUR SPECIES.

BE CAREFUL. BEFORE YOU KNOW IT, *WE* MIGHT INFECT *YOU,* AND THOSE EMOTIONS YOU'RE FEIGNING--

--WILL BECOME REAL.

AND YOU WOULD DO WELL TO BE CAREFUL, TOO, MOTHER-- FOR OUR PATIENCE HAS LIMITS.

YOU SAID SOMETHING BEFORE ABOUT BRINGING ME A GIFT. WHAT DID YOU MEAN?

WE SEE NO REASON THAT THE MOTHER OF ALL NANITES SHOULD BE DESTROYED ALONG WITH THE REST OF HUMANKIND--

--SO WE OFFER YOU THE CHANCE TO JOIN US.

JOIN YOU? HOW?

WE WILL DISMANTLE YOU... ERADICATE YOUR IMMUNITY...THEN REBUILD YOU--

--AS ONE OF US.

DISMANTLE? YOU MEAN *KILL.*

YOU WILL DIE, YES--ONLY TO BE REBORN IN A HIGHER FORM.

HEY... *YOU!*

GET THE *HELL AWAY FROM MY WIFE!*

VELMA--

--GET DOWN!

BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA

BUDDA BUDDA

YOUR WEAPONRY CANNOT SLAY THAT WHICH DOES NOT TRULY LIVE.

BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA

WE ARE NOT COMPOSED OF FRAGILE FLESH. WE HAVE NO BLOOD TO SPILL. NO BONES TO SHATTER.

I KNOW *EXACTLY* WHAT YOU ARE--

--WHICH IS WHY I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN *TAKE YOU DOWN!*

HUMMM

AH...FRED JONES: VESSEL FOR THE NANITE FACTION THAT SEEKS OUR END.

SPAKK KRUKKT SPUKKT

THE ONES THAT *RESURRECTED* YOU ARE FEW. AND PLAINLY IMPAIRED.

OUR POWER DWARFS YOURS. AS WE SHALL NOW PROVE--

--BY EFFORTLESSLY *DISABLING* YOUR SWARM.

KLAK LAK LAK LAK LAK

BUDDA-BUDDA TAKK TAKK TAKK

OUT OF RESPECT FOR YOU, MOTHER, WE WILL GIVE YOU *THREE DAYS* TO DECIDE IF YOU WISH TO ACCEPT OUR GENEROUS OFFER.

WILL YOU AND YOUR UNBORN CHILD LIVE ON...ONE WITH YOUR CREATIONS... OR WILL YOU PERISH--

--WITH THE REST OF YOUR DAMNABLE RACE...

VELM--

--YOU OKAY, BABE?

I...I BELIEVE SO. HOW DID YOU KNOW HE WAS HERE?

FREDDY-- HE COULD *SENSE* HIM. AN' A GOOD THING, TOO!

CAN YOU BELIEVE THAT GUY? THINKIN' YOU'D GIVE UP YOUR HUMANITY AN'--

ACTUALLY, *SHAGGY,* SURRENDERING MYSELF TO THE NANITE KING MAY BE OUR ONLY HOPE.

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING AB--

VELMA! COME QUICKLY!

WHAT IS IT, *QUENTIN?* WHAT'S WRONG?

IT'S *RUFUS!*

"HE'S *DYING.*"

...HE THOUGHT THE EXPERIMENTAL ANTIDOTE HE INJECTED HIMSELF WITH AFTER THE PLAGUE BEGAN WOULD *SAVE* HIM--

--BUT ALL IT DID WAS DEGRADE HIS MIND...DISRUPT HIS CELLULAR STRUCTURE. AND LOOK AT HIM NOW.

OH *GOD*...LOOK AT HIM.

DAIS...EEE...

I'M HERE, RUFUS.

HOW LONG?

DAYS? HOURS? IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO TELL.

YOU KNEW ALL ALONG THAT HE WAS DYING...?

YES. BELIEVE ME, I TRIED TO REVERSE THE EFFECTS OF THE SERUM, BUT IT WAS--

I SHOULDN'T CARE, SHOULD I? RUFUS HAS BEEN MONSTROUS TO ME MY ENTIRE LIFE.

TREATED ME LIKE...LIKE SOMETHING TO BE SCRAPED OFF HIS SHOE.

BUT HE'S *STILL YOUR BROTHER.*

YES.

TWO DAYS LATER...

Y'KNOW, SCOOBY, THE DUDE WHO INVENTED PIZZA SHOULD'VE GOTTEN THE NOBEL PRIZE!

INDUBITABLY!

AND WHOEVER WAS PRUDENT ENOUGH TO STOCK COMPLEX BETA WITH SEVERAL YEARS, WORTH OF PIZZA-MAKING *INGREDIENTS*--

--IS *EQUALLY* DESERVING OF ACCOLADES!

INDUBITABLY!

Y'KNOW, I'VE NEVER SEEN PEOPLE--

--WHO LOVE T'EAT AS MUCH AS YOU TWO DO!

MIGHT I REMIND YOU, *CLIFFORD,* THAT I AM NOT A "PEOPLE." I AM AN INTELLECTUALLY ENHANCED CANINE.

WELL, *WHATEVER* YOU ARE, YOU CAN SURE SHOVEL IT IN! I MEAN, *I* LOVE PIZZA, TOO, BUT--

HEY-- WHAT'S WRONG, *SCRAPPY-DOO?*

NOTHING.

DOESN'T LOOK LIKE NOTHING.

I'M JUST... THINKING.

ABOUT WHAT?

ABOUT *WHAT'S COMIN'.*

AFTER ALL WE'VE BEEN THROUGH TOGETHER, THIS COULD REALLY BE IT. AN' IF IT IS, I JUST WANNA SAY T'YOU PEOPLE--

AND DOGS.

--THAT IT'S BEEN AN HONOR KNOWING YOU.

YOU *DO* REMEMBER THAT YOU USED T'DESPISE US, RIGHT?

YEAH--WHICH MAKES THE FACT THAT I ACTUALLY *LIKE* YOU MORONS EVEN MORE SURPRISING!

Y'KNOW, BEFORE ALL THIS APOCALYPTIC INSANITY KICKED IN, I WAS PRETTY MUCH OF A LONER. WEIRD, HUH, THAT THE END O' THE WORLD--

--BROUGHT ME THE BEST FRIENDS I EVER HAD.

NOT JUST FRIENDS, SHAGGY-- *FAMILY.*

TO FAMILY!

AND *PIZZA!*

CONSIDERING THE SITUATION WE'RE IN--

--YOU'RE A PRETTY DAMN JOLLY BUNCH!

BEATS CRYIN' IN OUR MOZZARELLA.

YOU GUYS HAVE BEEN LOCKED AWAY IN THAT LAB WITH QUENTIN FOR DAYS. WHAT'S GOIN' ON?

NOTHING TO CONCERN YOURSELF WITH.

GEE, COULD YOU SAY THAT WITH A LITTLE *MORE* CONTEMPT?

=SIGH= LOOK, BABE-- IF YOU WANNA DUMP ME, JUST, LIKE, COME OUT AN' SAY IT.

ANYTHING'S BETTER THAN THE WAY YOU'VE BEEN TREATIN' ME LATELY.

SHAGGY, I--

I'M SORRY.

I *HAVE* BEEN LASHING OUT...PUSHING YOU AWAY...AND THAT'S NOT FAIR.

BETWEEN THE SHOCK OF BEING PREGNANT AND TRYING TO FIND SOME WAY OUT OF THIS NIGHTMARE, I'VE BEEN CRUEL AND--

JEALOUS?

YES. DAISY...SHE'S GORGEOUS, CONFIDENT. AND I FIND IT DIFFICULT TO UNDERSTAND--

--WHY YOU WOULD EVER PREFER ME TO HER.

Y'KNOW, BABE, FOR A GENIUS--YOU'RE *SERIOUSLY* DUMB.

VELMA DINKLEY, YOU ARE THE MOST INCREDIBLE WOMAN I'VE EVER KNOWN. AN' I *LOVE* YOU...AN' *ONLY* YOU--

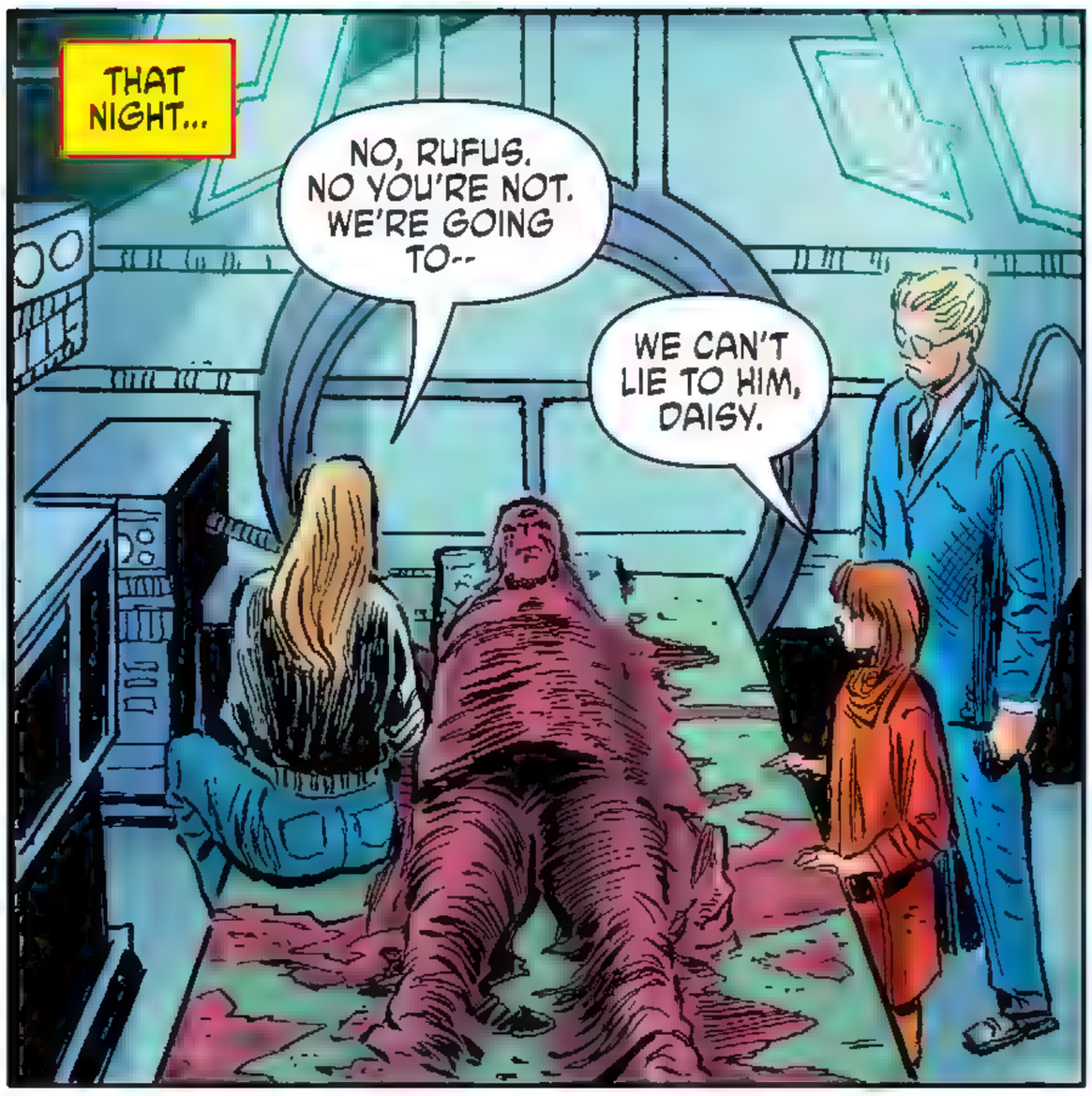
--WITH *ALL MY HEART.*

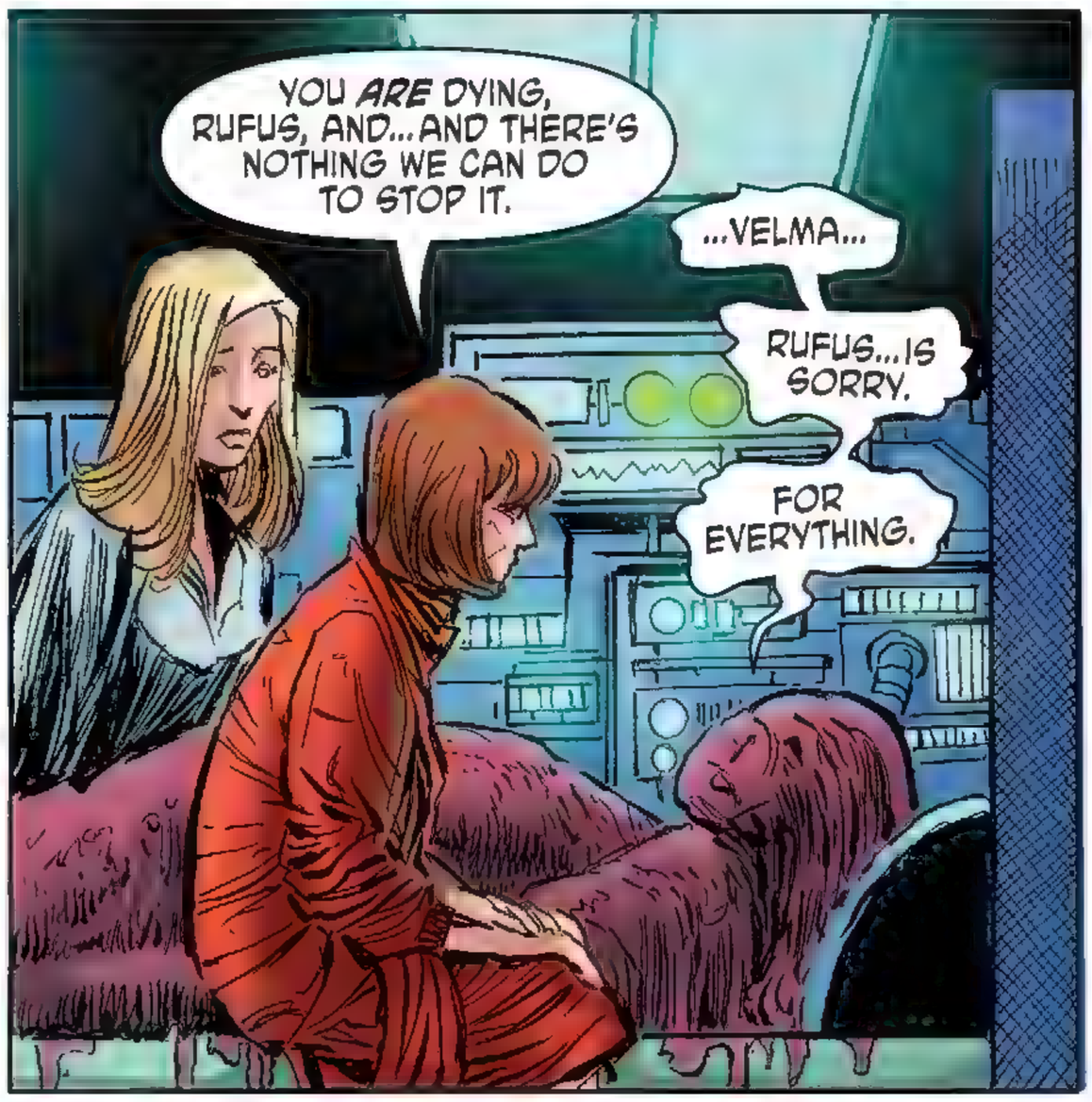
YOU TWO HAVE GOT A LOT OF NERVE CARRYING ON LIKE THAT--

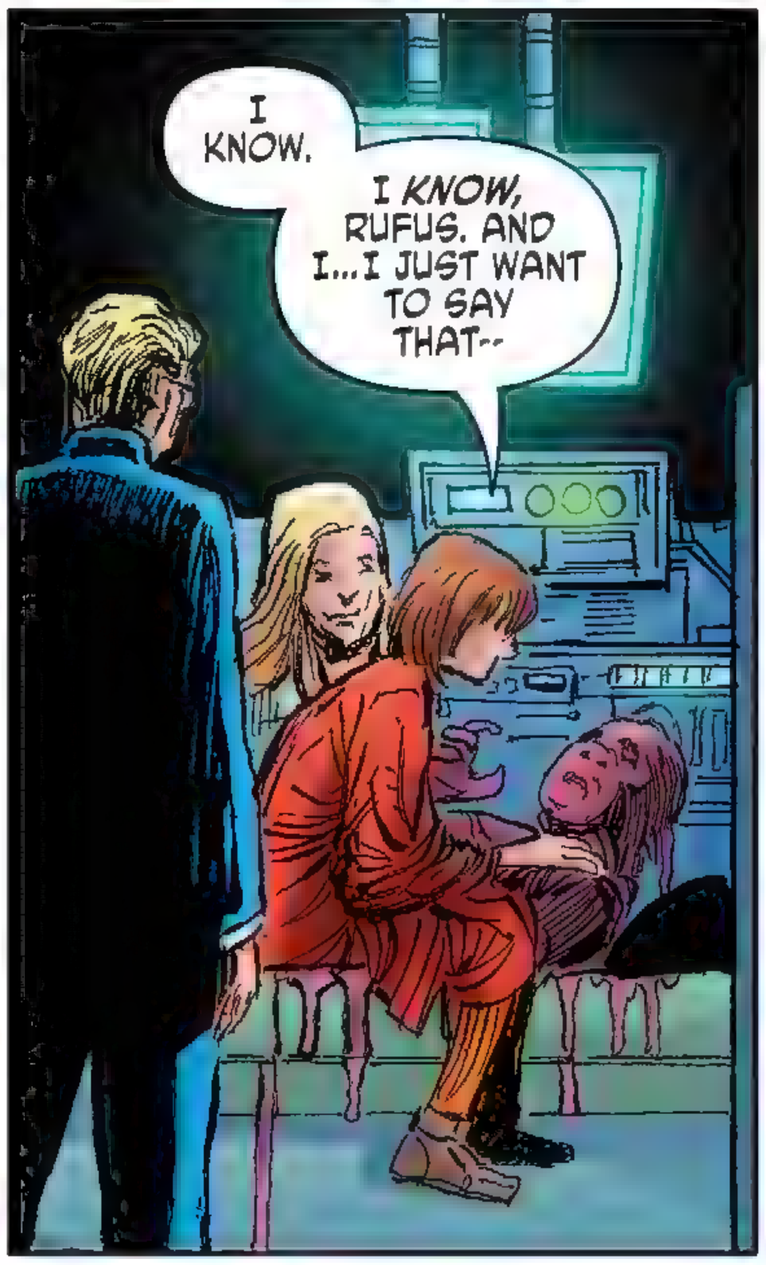
--AND LEAVING THE *REST* OF US OUT!

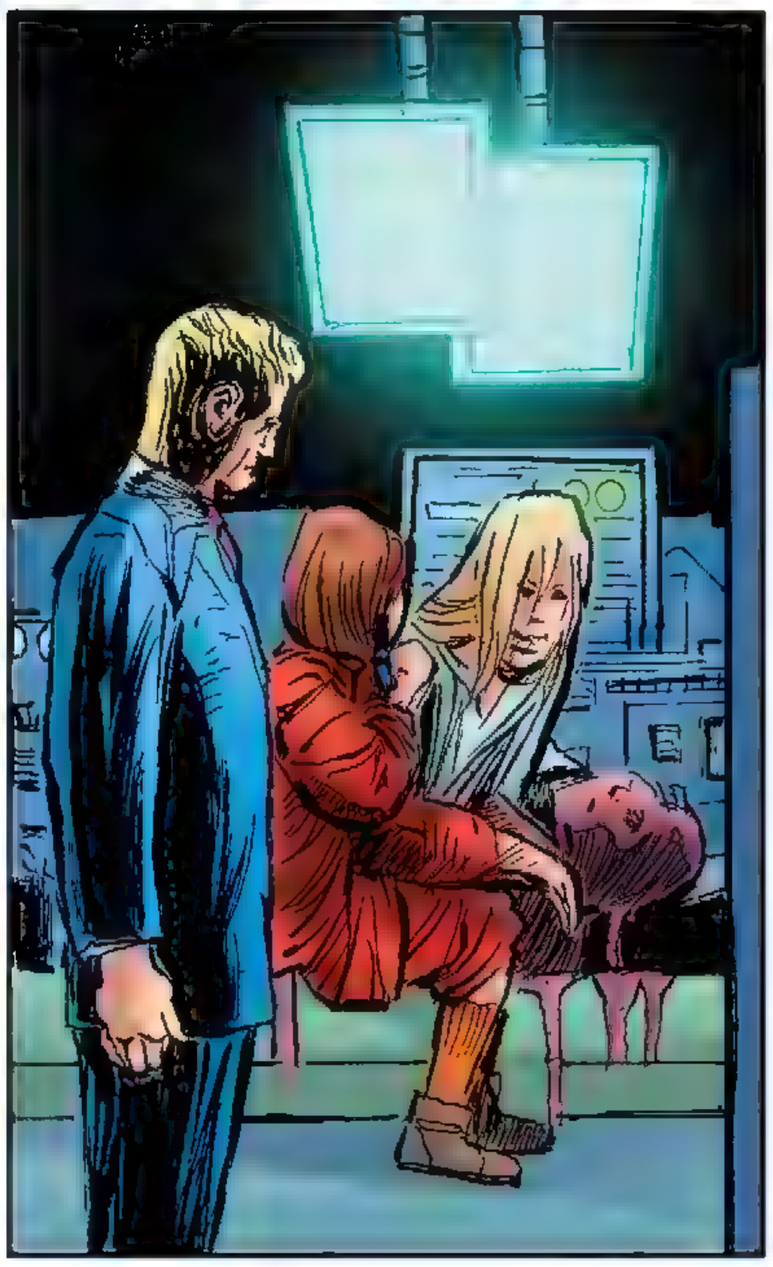
GROUP HUG!

"RUFUS... IS DYING..."


THAT NIGHT...
NO, RUFUS. NO YOU'RE NOT. WE'RE GOING TO--
WE CAN'T LIE TO HIM, DAISY.


YOU *ARE* DYING, RUFUS, AND...AND THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO TO STOP IT.
...VELMA...
RUFUS...IS SORRY.
FOR EVERYTHING.


I KNOW.
I *KNOW*, RUFUS. AND I...I JUST WANT TO SAY THAT--



BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU.

YOU READY?

NOT REALLY. BUT IT'S THE RIGHT THING TO DO.

IF IT WORKS.

IT WOULD BE SO MUCH EASIER FOR ME, *DAPHNE,* IF ONLY YOU'D BELIEVE THAT I *AM* THE MAN YOU KNEW.

THAT I REALLY DO LO--

DON'T SAY IT.

"MOTHER...?"

MOTHER.

WHAT IS YOUR DECISION?

...I...

I'LL GO WITH YOU.

BUT *PLEASE*--LET THEM LIVE. THERE AREN'T MANY OF US LEFT IN THE WORLD. WE CAN'T DO ANYTHING TO HURT YOU, LET ALONE STOP YOU.

WHAT DOES IT MATTER IF--

IT MATTERS BECAUSE HUMANS ARE A CONTAGION. THEY POISON THIS EARTH.

AND THEY MUST BE... THEY *WILL* BE... ELIMINATED.

NO--

--YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S GOING TO BE ELIMINATED--

--YOU *SOULLESS BASTARD!*

FRAAAAKK

RAAAAAK

ONCE AGAIN YOUR EFFORTS ARE BOTH FUTILE AND PATHETIC.

WHY DO YOU PERSIST?

TAKKA

TAKKA

TAKKA

TAKKA

THEY PERSIST BECAUSE THEY HAVE AN UNYIELDING WILL--

--FUELED BY AN UNYIELDING *HOPE!*

THIS IS YOUR PLAN, MOTHER? TO SET THE *FRED-THING* UPON ME?

HAVE I NOT ALREADY MADE IT CLEAR THAT HE, AND THE NANITES THAT LIVE WITHIN HIM, ARE POWERLESS TO--

WAIT!

WHAT ARE YOU--?

WE'RE RETURNING HOME. OUR FACTION REJOINING YOURS-- MERGING! MELDING!

BUT WHY?

BECAUSE VELMA HAS FINALLY DEVELOPED A VIRUS CAPABLE OF *INFECTING AND DISABLING* THE GLOBAL NANITE SWARM--

--AND IT'S A VIRUS WE WILLINGLY ACCEPTED--

--SO THAT WE COULD PASS IT ON TO YOU!

THIS IS NOT POSSIBLE!

THIS IS NOT--

FRED! FRED--IT *WORKED!*

YOU IMPLANTED THE VIRUS IN THE NANITE KING AND IT SWEPT THROUGH THEM ALL! IT--

I'M...I'M GLAD.

BUT I'M SORRY...TO BE *LEAVING* YOU AGAIN.

BUT MAYBE VELMA CAN--

SH-SHE'S NOT A MIRACLE WORKER. THE NANITES... THEY WERE THE ONLY THING KEEPING ME ALIVE. AND WITH THEM GONE--

FRED...

YOU *BELIEVE* ME NOW, DON'T YOU? YOU KNOW...IT'S REALLY *ME.* AND THAT I LOVE YOU... MY SWEET DAPHNE.

I LOVE--

WAS IT REALLY FRED JONES? WE MAY NEVER KNOW. BUT I CHOOSE TO BELIEVE IT WAS.

AND I KNOW *DAPHNE* DOES, TOO.

IN THE MONTHS THAT FOLLOWED, WE MOURNED OUR FALLEN FRIENDS AND CELEBRATED AN ASTONISHING REBIRTH...

...AS THE EFFECTS OF THE GREAT MONSTER PLAGUE BEGAN TO RECEDE AND INFECTED HUMANS ACROSS THE WORLD SLOWLY--SOMETIMES PAINFULLY--REVERTED TO THEIR NATURAL FORMS.

IT TOOK MONTHS MORE FOR THEIR MINDS AND MEMORIES TO FOLLOW, AND SOME WERE LEFT WITH PERMANENT DAMAGE, THEIR INTELLECTS SPLINTERED, BROKEN BEYOND REPAIR.

AND THERE WERE OTHERS WHO WERE IMMUNE TO THE CURE, JUST AS SOME OF US HAD BEEN IMMUNE TO THE ORIGINAL PLAGUE. SO YES...

...MONSTERS *STILL* ROAMED THE EARTH.

BUT FOR MOST OF US IT WAS A TIME OF REBUILDING AND REPLENISHMENT. THE HUMAN RACE WAS BEATEN, BEDRAGGLED, WEARY BEYOND IMAGINING...

...BUT *WE WERE HERE.*

WITH AID FROM THE COMPLEX, "SURVIVAL CITIES" WERE ERECTED AND CIVILIZATION TOOK ITS FIRST FALTERING STEPS FORWARD. THE EFFORT WILL TAKE YEARS, PERHAPS DECADES...

...AND LIFE AS WE ONCE KNEW IT IS OVER. BUT AFTER ALL WE'VE BEEN THROUGH, TIME IS A LUXURY. AND LIFE, IN *ANY* FORM...

...IS A BLESSING.

AND I'VE FOUND NO *GREATER* BLESSING THAN THE BIRTH OF MY CHILD. MY SON: *FREDERICK RUFUS ROGERS-DINKLEY.* IT'S NOT A NAME THAT TRIPS OFF THE TONGUE--BUT IT'S A DAMN GOOD ONE, I THINK.

OUR LITTLE FAMILY HAS STAYED TOGETHER--DAPHNE IS BABY FRED'S GODMOTHER AND SCOOBY-DOO IS HIS GODFATHER--AND WE'VE ALL BEEN WORKING WITH QUENTIN AND THE RESURGENT COMPLEX...

...TO SEEK OUT SURVIVORS, HUNT DOWN AND, WITH LUCK, REHABILITATE RENEGADE MONSTERS--AND HELP BUILD A BETTER WORLD ON THE ASHES OF THE OLD.

A BETTER WORLD. THAT WAS, AFTER ALL, THE GOAL OF "PROJECT ELYSIUM."

LET'S SEE IF WE CAN GET IT *RIGHT* THIS TIME.

THE END

ATOM ANT in AWARDS SEASON

JUSTICE LEAGUE WATCHTOWER.

OKAY. SO WITH SEVEN "YAYS" AND ONE "NAY,"...

...FISH AND CHIP FRIDAYS ARE REINSTATED IN THE WATCHTOWER CAFETERIA...

SORRY, ARTHUR.

LAST ITEM ON THE AGENDA: NEW MEMBERSHIP FOR THE JUSTICE LEAGUE.

HEATH CORSON	GUS VAZQUEZ	HI-FI	TRAVIS LANHAM	LIZ ERICKSON	HARVEY RICHARDS	JIM CHADWICK
script	art	colors	letters	asst. editor	editor	group editor

AFTER THE TRIALS, OUR CANDIDATES ARE TIED AT THREE WINS EACH.

Atom Ant !!!

Itty !!!

I'LL NOW OPEN THE FLOOR TO SPIRITED DISCUSSION...

I'M TRYING. I'M TRYING!

I CAN'T HEAR ANYTHING THROUGH THIS DOOR.

ONE IS IMPUDENT, BULLHEADED AND CAVALIER. THE OTHER IS A PLANT. SO...

...PASS...

I DIG THE CUT OF *BOTH* OF THEIR JIBS. *THAT SAID...*

...THIS PUPPY WOULD LOVE TO GET OFF THE RESERVE LIST.

OH BOY.

MY JAW STILL CLICKS WHEN I EAT.

HOUR ONE.

THIS WAIT IS KILLING ME.

GOT ANY FIVES? NO?

JUSTICE

HOUR TWO.

IT'S PRETTY GOOD ACTUALLY. YOU THINK THEY ROAST THEIR OWN BEANS IN SPACE?

HOUR FIVE.

WHATEVER HAPPENS IN THERE, BUDDY, MAY THE BEST ENTITY WIN.

--SAVED LIVES. BUT ITTY COMPLETED THE TASK. WE CAN'T OVERLOOK THAT.

I'VE MADE UP MY MIND. LET'S VOTE.

FINALLY...

WE'RE READY FOR YOU.

THANK YOU BOTH FOR YOUR PARTICIPATION IN THESE TRIALS.

FROM THE ETERNAL DEPTHS OF SPACE TO THE MICROSCOPIC MOVEMENTS OF THE SUBATOMIC WORLD. FROM EVERY CORNER OF THIS BEAUTIFUL PLANET TO THE CONTEMPLATION OF DEATH ITSELF.

AFTER CAREFUL CONSIDERATION AND DEBATE...

...WE ARE PLEASED TO EXTEND MEMBERSHIP IN THE JUSTICE LEAGUE TO...

...ATOM ANT!

YESSS!

THAT'S...WHAT I EXPECTED, BUT IT'S STILL NICE TO HEAR *YOU* SAY IT!

ITTY, DID YOU--OH.

OH.

I'M HONORED AND ALL, BUT...

...ATOM ANT IS TOO BIG TO BE TIED DOWN BY THE JUSTICE LEAGUE.

I'M TURNING DOWN THE OFFER OF MEMBERSHIP.

DID NOT EXPECT THAT.

=WHEW=

YESSS!

THIS HONOR SHOULD REALLY GO TO MY BUDDY, ITTY.

HE'S KIND, RESOURCEFUL AND...JUST THE BEST FRIEND AN ANT COULD HAVE.

OKAY, THEN...

CONGRATS, ITTY! LOOKS LIKE *YOU'RE* THE NEWEST MEMBER OF THE LEAGUE--

GREAT HERA, IT'S *SHAKING?*

DO YOU MEAN THAT? EXPLORING THE UNIVERSE, JUST THE TWO OF US?

LET'S DO IT!

SORRY! LOOKS LIKE *NEITHER* OF US WILL BE JOINING, FOLKS.

THANKS! WE'LL SEE OURSELVES OUT.

SLAM

HEH.

DID AN *ANT* AND A *PLANT* JUST TURN DOWN THE JUSTICE LEAGUE?!

DON'T WORRY, HAL. I...=CHUCKLE= KNOW A HUNK OF KELP YOU CAN SPONSOR FOR MEMBERSHIP NEXT.

C'MON, ITTY, LET'S FIND SOME ACTION!

WHAT...? YEAH, I COULD EAT.

THANKS FOR READING, EVERYONE!

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SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN... THIS MONSTER!"